THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
AUGUST, 1881

THE YELLOW TIBER.

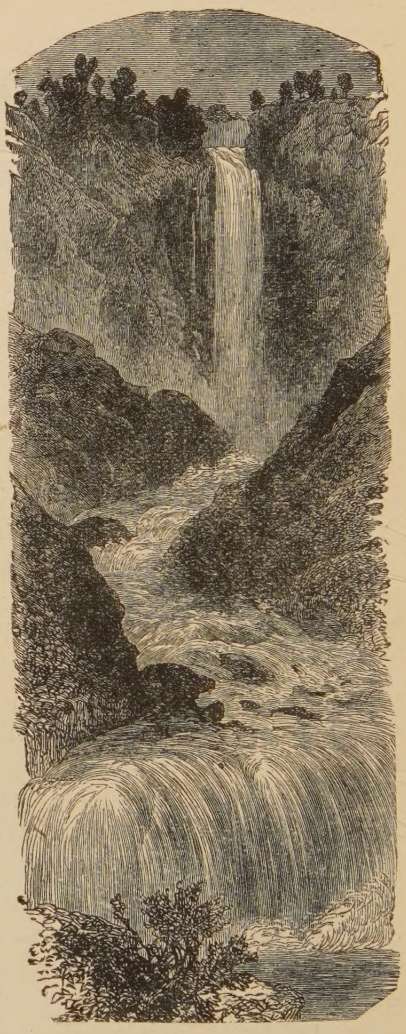
BY GRACE GREEN.

II

FOLLOWING the course of the Via Flaminia, which takes a more direct line than the devious Tiber, past Spoleto, on its woody castellated height, the traveller reaches Terni, on the tumultuous Nar, the wildest and most rebellious of all its tributaries. It was to save the surrounding country from its outbreaks that the channel was made by the Romans, B. C. 271, the first of several experiments, which resulted in these cascades, which have been more sung and oftener painted than any other in the world. The beauty of Terni is so hackneyed that enthusiasm over it becomes cockney, yet the beauty of hackneyed things is as eternal as the verity of truisms, and no more loses its charm than the other its point. But one must not talk about it. The foaming torrent rages along between its rocky walls until spanned by the bridge of Augustus at Narni, a magnificent viaduct sixty feet high, thrown from ridge to ridge across the ravine for the passage of the Flaminian Way—a wreck now, for two of the arches have fallen, but through the last there is a glimpse of the rugged hillsides with their thick forests, and the turbulent waters rushing through the chasm. Higher still is Narni, looking over her embattled walls. It is one of the most striking positions on the way from Florence to Rome, and the next half hour, through savage gorges and black tunnels, ever beside the tormented

waters of the Nar, until they meet the Tiber, swollen by the tributes of the Paglia and Chiana, is singularly fine.

The discomfort of Perugia was luxury to what we found at Orvieto, and it was no longer May but December, when it is nearly as cold north of Rome as with us; and Rome was drawing us with her mighty magnet. One cold wintry morning, soon after daybreak, we set out in a close carriage with four horses, wrapped as if we were going in a sleigh, with a *scaldino* (or little brazier) under our feet, for the nearest railway station on our route, a nine hour's drive. Our way lay through the snow-covered hills and their leafless forest, and long after we had left Orvieto behind, again and again a rise in the road would bring it full in sight on its base of tufa, girt by its walls, the Gothic lines of the cathedral sharp against the clear, brightening sky. At our last look the sun was not up, but broad shafts of light, such as painters throw before the chariot of Phœbus, refracted against the pure ether, spread like a halo round the three-fold pinnacles; a moment more and Orvieto was hidden behind a higher hill, not to be seen again. All day we drove among the snow-bound hills and woods, past the Lake of Bolsena in its forbidding beauty; past small valleys full of naked fruit trees and shivering olives, which must be nooks of loveliness in spring; past defiant little towns aloft on their islands of tufa, like Bag-



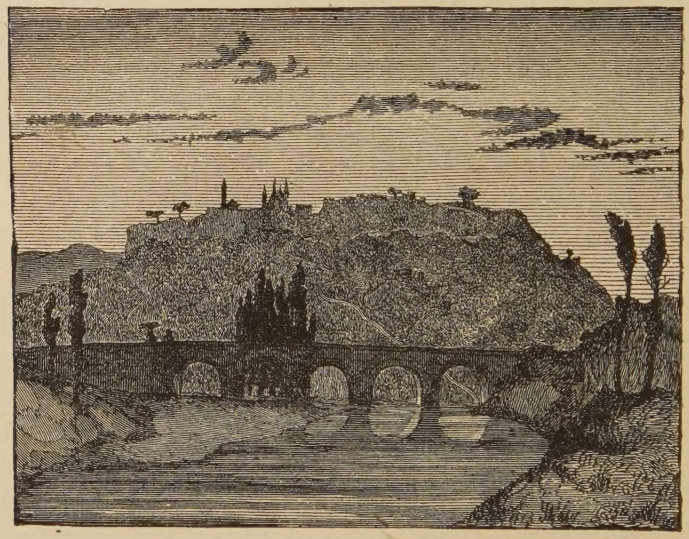
THE FALLS OF TERNI.

norea with its single slender bell-tower. We stopped to lunch at Viterbo, a town more closely connected with the history of the Papacy than any except Rome itself, and full of legends and romantic associations; it is dirty and dilapidated, and has great need of all its memories.

Leaving Viterbo, we drove on through the same sort of scenery, which seemed to grow more and more beautiful in the rosy light of the sinking sun. But it is hard to tell, for nothing makes a journey so beautiful as to know that Rome is the goal. As the last rays were flushing the hill-tops, we came in sight of Orte, with its irregular lines of building clinging to the sides of its precipitous cliff in such eyrie-wise that it is difficult to say what is house and what is rock, and whether the arched passages with which it is pierced are masonry or natural grottoes; and there was the Tiber—already the yellow Tiber—winding through the valley as far as the eye could follow. Here we waited for the train, which was ten minutes late, and tried to make up for lost time by leaving our luggage, all duly marked and ready, standing on the track. We soon began to greet familiar sites as we flitted by; the last we made out plainly was Borghetto, a handful of houses, with a ruined castle keeping watch on a hill hard by; then twilight gathered, and we strained our eyes in vain for the earliest glimpse of Mount Soracte, and night came down before we could descry the first landmarks of the Agro Romano, the outposts of our excursions, the farm-towers we knew by name, the farthest fragments of the aqueducts. But it was not so obscure that we could not discern the Tiber between his low banks showing us the way, the lights quivering in the Anio, as the train rushed over the bridge; and when at length we saw against the clear night-sky a great dark barrier stretching right and left, we knew that the walls of Rome were once more before us; in a moment we had glided through with slackening speed, and her embrace enfolded us again.

The Tiber, winding as it does like a great artery through the heart of Rome, is seldom long either out of sight or mind. One constantly comes upon it in the most unexpected manner, for there is no river front to the city. One cannot follow the Tiber through the streets of Rome as one may the Seine in Paris; in thickly-built quarters the houses back upon the stream, and its yellow waves wash their foundations, working wrath and woe

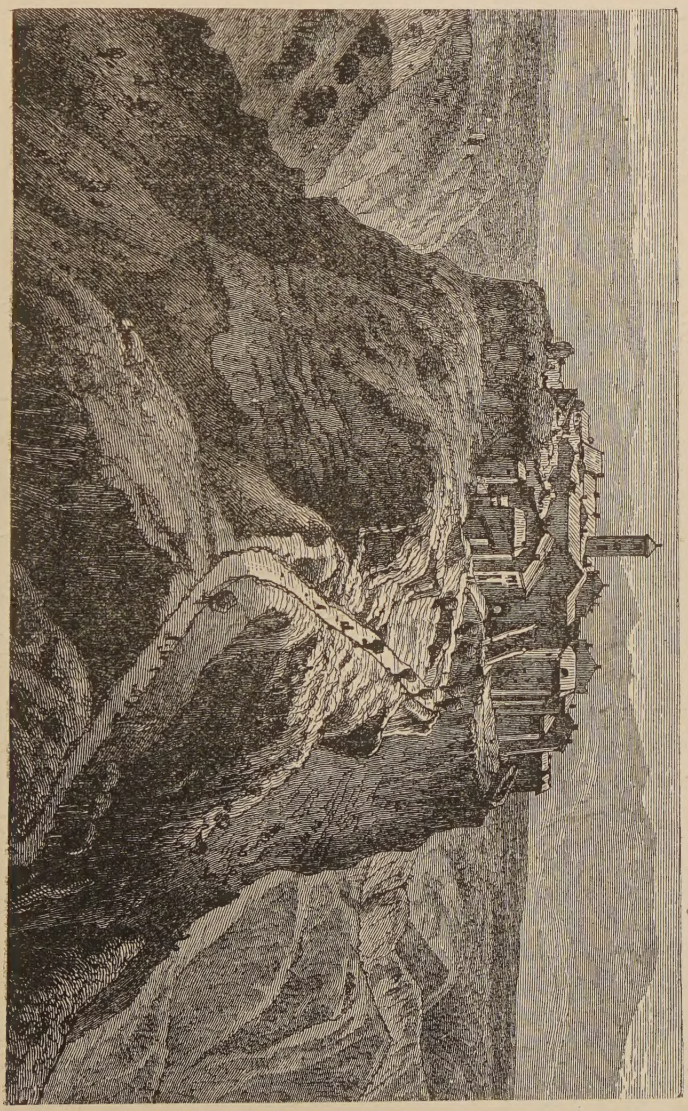
from time to time, as those who were there in the winter of 1870 will recollect. Sometimes it is lost to sight for half a mile together, unless one catches a glimpse of it through the carriage-way of a palace. From the wharf of the Ripetta it disappears, until you come upon it again at the bridge of St. Angelo, the Ælian bridge of ancient Rome, which is the most direct passage from the fashionable and foreign quarter to the Trastevere. It must be confessed that the idle sense of mere pleasure generally supersedes recollection and association after one's first astonishment to find one's self among the historic places subsides; yet how often, as our horse's hoofs rang on the slippery stones, my



ORVIETO.

thoughts went suddenly back to the scenes when Saint Gregory passed over, chanting litanies at the head of the whole populace, who formed one vast penitential procession, and saw the avenging angel alight on the mausoleum of Adrian, and sheath his sword in sign that the plague was stayed; or to that terrible day when the ferocious mercenaries of the Constable de Bourbon and the wretched inhabitants given over to sack and slaughter, swarmed across together, butchering and butchered, while the troops in the castle hurled down what was left of its classic statues upon the heads of friend and foe, and the Tiber was turned to blood!

The scenery differs entirely on different sides of Rome. Here there is not a ruin, not a vestige, except a few low heaps of stone or brickwork hidden by weeds; on the other, towards Tivoli, much of the beauty is due to the work of man—the stately rem-



CIVITA BAGNOREA.

nants of ancient aqueduct, temple, and tomb; the tall, square towers of feudal barons, round which cluster low farm buildings,

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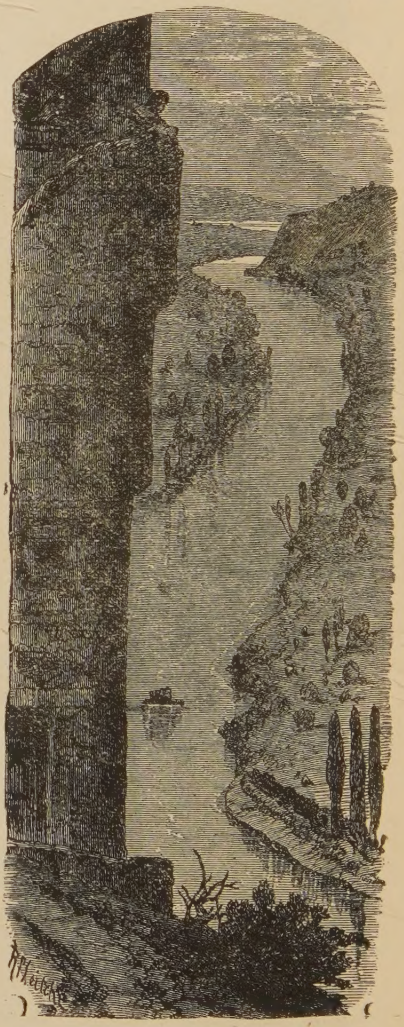
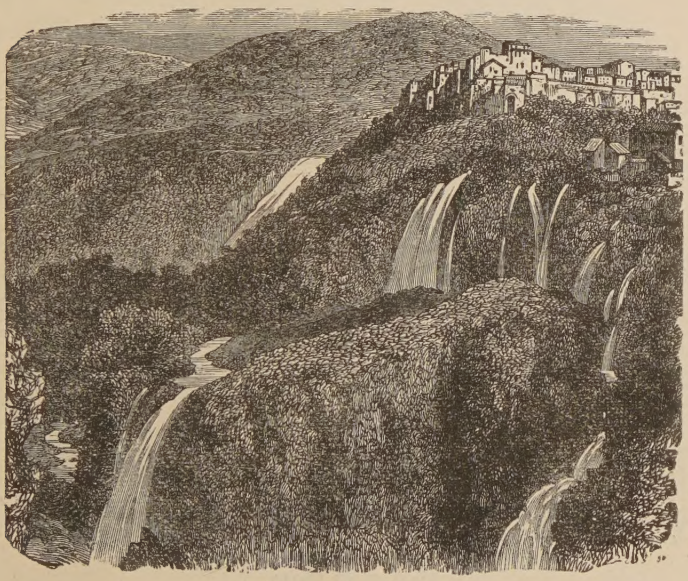
scarcely less old and solid; the vast, gloomy grottoes of Cerbara, which look like the underground palace of a bygone race, but which are the tufa-quarries of classic times; the ruined baths of Zenobia, where the rushing milky waters of the Aquæ Albulæ fill the air with sulphurous fumes; and, as a climax, the Villa of Hadrian, less a country-place than a whole region, a town-in-country, with palace, temples, circus, theatres, baths amidst a tract of garden and pleasure-ground ten miles in circumference. Even when one is familiar with the enormous height and bulk of the Coliseum or the baths of Caracalla, the extent of the ruins of Hadrian's Villa is overwhelming. Numerous fragments are still standing, graceful and elegant, but a vast many more are buried deep under turf and violets and fern; large cypresses and ilexes have struck root among their stones, and they form artificial hills and vales and great wide plateaus covered with herbage and shrubbery, hardly to be distinguished from the natural accidents of the land. The solitude is as immense as the space. After leaving our carriage we wandered about for hours, sometimes lying in the sunshine at the edge of a great grassy terrace which commands the Campagna, to where, like a little bell, St. Peter's dome hung faint and blue upon the horizon; sometimes exploring the innumerable porticoes and galleries, and replacing in fancy the Venus de Medici, the Dancing



THE TIBER, FROM ORTE.

Faun, and all the other shapes of beauty which once occupied these pedestals and niches; sometimes rambling about the flowery fields, and up and down among the hillocks and dells, meeting no one, until at length, when completely bewildered and lost, we fell in with a rustic belonging to the estate, who guided us back. We left the place with the sense of having been in a separate realm, another country, belonging to another age.

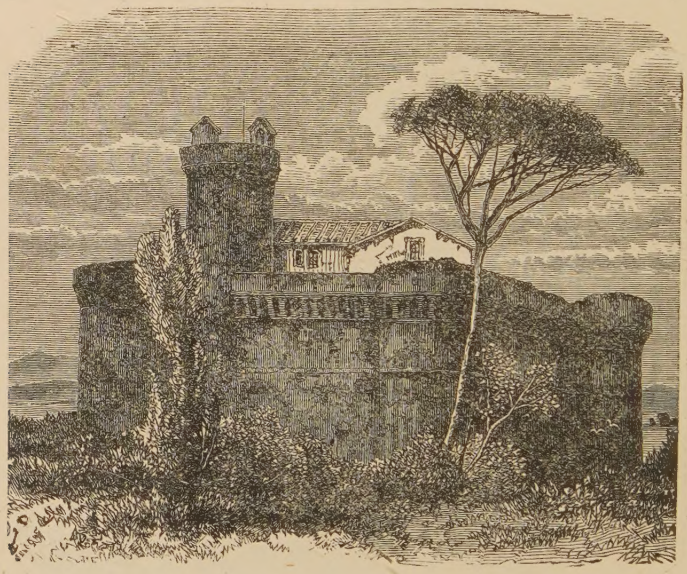
The whole of that visit to Tivoli was like a dream. The sun was sinking when we left the precincts of the villa, and twilight stole upon us, wrapping all the landscape on which we looked



Tivoli.

back, in softer folds of shade, and resolving its features into large calm masses, as the horses laboured up the narrow, stony road into a mysterious wood of gigantic olives, gnarled, twisted, and rent as no other tree could be and live. The scene was wild and weird in the dying light, and it grew almost savage as we wound upward among the robber-haunted hills. Night had fallen before we reached the mountain-town. Our coachman dashed through the dark slits of streets, where it seemed as if our wheels must strike the houses on each side, cracking his whip and jingling the bells of the harness. Under black archways

sat groups of peasants, their swart visages lit up from below by the glow of a brazier, while a flaring torch stuck through a ring overhead threw fierce lights and shadows across the scene. Sharp cries and shouts like maledictions rose as we passed, and as we turned into the little square on which the inn stands, we wondered in what sort of den we should have to lodge. We followed our host of the little Albergo della Regnia up the steep stone staircase with many misgivings; he flung open a door, and we beheld a carpeted room, all furnished and hung with pink chintz, covered with garlands. There were sofas, low arm-chairs, a



Castle at Ostia.

writing-table with appurtenances, a tea-table with snowy linen, and a hissing brass tea-kettle. Opening from this were two little white nests of bed-rooms, with tin bath-tubs and an abundance of towels. We could not believe our eyes; here were English comfort and French taste. Were we in May Fair or the Rue de Rivoli? Or was it a fairy tale?

The Campagna has one more aspect, different from all the rest, where the Tiber, weary with his long wandering, rolls lazily to the sea. It is a dreary waste of swamp and sandhill and scrub growth, but with a forlorn beauty of its own, and the beauty of colour, never absent in Italy. The tall coarse grass

and reeds pass through a series of vivid tones, culminating in tawny gold and deep orange, against which the silver-fretted violet blue-green of the Mediterranean assumes a magical splendour. Small, shaggy buffaloes with ferocious eyes, and sometimes a peasant as wild-looking as they, are the only inhabitants of this wilderness. The machicolated towers of Castel Fusano, among its grand stone-pines, stand up from the marshes, and farther seaward another castle with a single pine; but they only enhance the surrounding loneliness. Ostia, the ancient port, which the sea and river have both deserted, is now a city of the dead, a Pompeii above ground, whose avenues of tombs lead to streets of human dwellings more desolate still. It is no longer by Ostia, nor even by the Tiber, that one can reach the sea; the way was choked by sand and silt seventeen centuries ago, and Trajan caused the canal to be made which bears his name; and this is still the outlet from Rome to the Mediterranean, while the river expires among the pestilential marshes.

"TO EVERY CREATURE."

BY ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

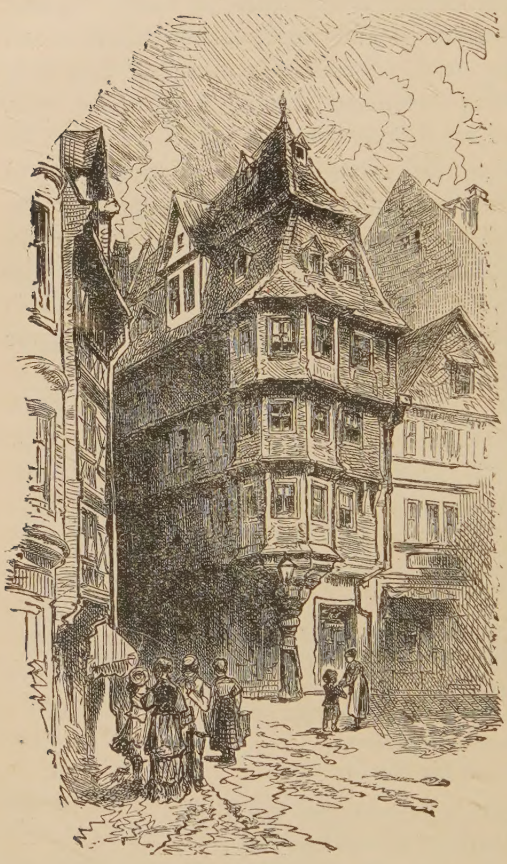
I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,
That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself will not remain;
That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led.

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day,
And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

FOOTPRINTS OF LUTHER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



LUTHER HOUSE, FRANKFORT.

THE first place at which I came upon the footprints of the Great Reformer was at the old Augustinian monastery in which he lodged during his celebrated visit to Rome. He came on pilgrimage to the "Eternal City"—the mother-city of the Catholic faith—the seat of God's Vicegerents upon earth—as to the most sacred spot in the world. As he beheld afar its towers and domes, he fell upon his kness, and exclaimed: "Holy Rome, I salute thee." He went the round of the churches. He visited the sacred places. He said mass at the holiest altars. He did everything that could be done to procure the religious benefits which the sacred places of Rome were supposed to impart.

During this time he occupied a cell in the large and gloomy pile of the Augustinian monks, of which order he was a member. It is just within the *Porto del Popolo,* or gate of the city by which, before the construction of the railway, all visitors from

the north arrived. Just without the gate is a cattle market, and here, amid the most unsavoury surroundings were, till the Pope was deprived of his temporal power by Victor Emmanuel, the little Presbyterian and English churches—the only Protestant places of worship tolerated for heretic use. It must be particularly galling to his Holiness to see several fine new Protestant churches rising on some of the best and most populous streets of the city; and worst of all, to behold a depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society spread its long-contraband wares under the very shadow of the Vatican.

I lingered long in the old church of *Santa Maria del Popolo*, attached to the monastery, in which I felt certain the devout monk Luther must often have worshipped. A solemn vesper service was being celebrated, and the Hymn of the Virgin was chanted, as it had been every evening at sunset since the time of Luther, and long before. The church is said to have been founded in 1099, on the site of the burial place of the arch-persecutor Nero. As I stood on the stone steps leading to the church, in the early evening, I saw a group of monks mustering for a funeral procession. They wore long gowns of coarse frieze, of a brown colour, with hoods of the same material. Their feet were bare, save for leather sandals attached by thongs to the soles. They walked bareheaded, and a broad patch or tonsure was shaven on the crown. Just such a figure, I thought, in just such a garb, the monk Luther may have sauntered on this spot three hundred and seventy years ago. An Italian gentleman, of whom I made some inquiries, explained that the brethren of the Misericordia, or Confraternity of Pity, brought the dead bodies on a bier to the church on the day of their death, and that the funeral always took place at night. After a few minutes' talk, he politely raised his hat and shook hands, though I had never seen him before—such is the courtesy of the Italian character.

I watched the monks shambling away with their wooden bier, their choir boys, and taper bearers, dressed in soiled linen surplices, and went to watch the sunset from the famous Pincian Hill, the fashionable evening resort of the Roman aristocracy. Here, on the site of the celebrated gardens of Lucullus, a military band discourses fine music, and the leaders of society receive calls seated in their carriages. The sunset view over the city

was magnificent—the great dome of St. Peter's, the round castle of St. Angelo, and many a stately campanile were defined like a silhouette against the glowing western sky. A long range of engirdling wall of the city, rising in places sixty or seventy feet, was also brought into view.

On descending, I entered again the church. The monks had returned with their solemn burden, and there, on a bier before the altar, lay the dead, keeping its lonely state. Not a living soul was in the church but myself. The coffin was covered by a heavy velvet pall, which was embroidered in white with those ghastly emblems of mortality, death's heads and cross bones. Several monuments on the wall bore the same funereal imagery, and on one Death was represented as a hideous skeleton, with uplifted dart. Around the bier were tall tapers burning, and as the darkness filled the church, the ever-burning lamps before the altar, and the tapers, twinkled brighter and brighter amid the deepening gloom; and I thought how like feeble tapers in a funereal vault are the faint gleams of Gospel light which struggle through the shadows of papal superstition.

The next spot which prominently brought the great Reformer before my mind was the famous *Scala Santa*, or Holy Stairs, at the palace of *San Giovanni in Laterano.* These, it will be remembered, are a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, said to be those of the Palace of Pilate at Jerusalem, which our Saviour ascended when led before the Roman Procurator. They were brought, according to tradition, to Rome, in 326, by the Empress Helena, and are so holy that they may only be ascended on the knees. For their protection they are covered with wood, but openings are left through which the devout may kiss the sacred stones. It was extremely touching to observe the intense devotion with which the pilgrims from many lands, with prayers and tears, toiled up these sacred steps, once trodden, as they firmly believed, by the Saviour's feet. At the top of the steps is a Latin inscription which declares: "Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus" —"There is on earth no holier spot than this." It was while painfully toiling up these very steps that there flashed through the soul of Luther the emancipating words: "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees and walked down the steps. His soul revolted from the mummeries of Rome. The Reformation was begun. He had come to Rome as to the holy of holies

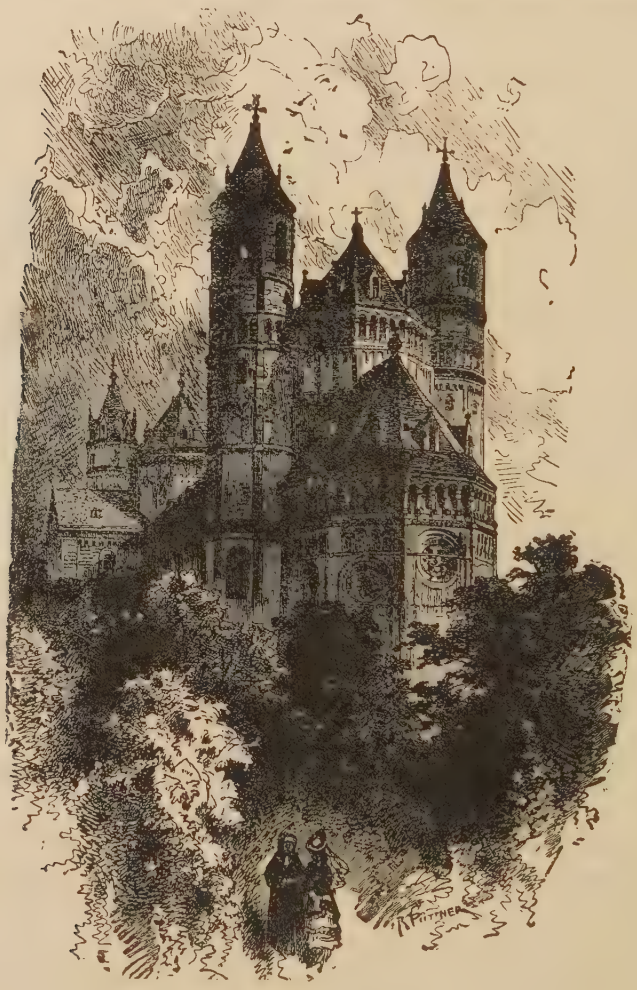
on earth. He found it the place where Satan's seat was. The scarce disguised paganism of the papal court filled the soul of the Saxon monk with horror. He tells of wicked priests who, when celebrating the solemnities of the mass, were wont to use, instead of the sacred formula, the mocking words: "*Panis es, et panis manebis*"—"Bread thou art and bread thou shalt remain." "No one," he says again, "can imagine what sins and infamies are committed in Rome. If there is a hell, Rome is built over it."

The next place at which I came definitely upon the footprints of Luther, was far away over the Alps, in the heart of his own German Fatherland. It was in the quaint old Imperial city of Frankfort, with its steep-gabled, many-dormered, strangely carved, and overhanging houses. Not far from the Romer, in which for five hundred years all German emperors were elected, stands the quaint-looking structure shown in our initial engraving. The most prominent feature is an immense oriel window, rising from a single column, and towering in three overhanging stories to the roof. At the side of the door is a stone effigy of the Reformer, with an inscription declaring that here he preached to the people when on his journey to witness a good confession before the Emperor at Worms. Luther was ill when summoned to the Diet of the Empire, but he rejoiced in the opportunity to testify to the truth. "If I cannot go to Worms in health," he said, "I will be carried there sick as I am. I cannot doubt that it is the call of God. He still lives who preserved the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace. If He will not save me my life is of little consequence."

The Emperor granted a safe-conduct to "the honourable our well-beloved and pious Doctor Martin Luther." The champion of the Reformation made his journey in a farmer's waggon. His progress was like that of a victorious general. The people thronged to see the man who was going to lay his head at the feet of the Emperor. "They will burn you as they did John Huss," said some. "Huss has been burned," replied the intrepid monk, "but not the truth with him. Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, the flames of which should reach to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord."

To Worms, therefore, I also went, to tread in the footsteps of

this great champion of the liberties of man. I wandered through the narrow streets and bustling market-place and depopulated suburbs, and tried to conjure up the great world drama of the Diet of Worms. As I walked through the quaint old town, and saw the many-tiled houses, I thought of that other memorable



Cathedral of Worms.

saying of the grand old monk, three centuries and a half ago: "Wenn so viel Teufel zu Worms waren, als Ziegel auf den Dachern, noch wollt Ich hinein"—"Though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, yet will I enter in."

The most impressive memorial of the great Reformer is the famous Luther monument. On a lofty pedestal stands a colossal statue of the "monk that shook the world." In his left hand he holds a Bible, on which his right hand is emphatically placed, while his face, on which beams a sublime expression of faith, is turned upward. On the base are the immortal words: "Hier stehe Ich: Ich kann nicht anders: God helfe mir. Amen!" —"Here I take my stand. I can do no other. May God help me. Amen!". "It was," said Carlyle, "the greatest moment

The Castle of Wartburg.

in the modern history. Around him stand figures of Wycliffe, Huss, Melancthon, and Reuchlin, and other famous forerunners or fellow-helpers in his glorious work.

Then I went to the grand old cathedral, begun in the eighth century, in which the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is the finest example of Romanesque architecture in the Rhine valley. It is 423 feet long. The vaulted roof rises to a height of over a hundred feet, and its four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. In this stern cradle of the Reformation the power of Rome is

still supreme, and a mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past.

Our last engraving shows the lonely castle of Wartburg, in the heart of the Thuringian Forest, whither Luther was carried off by his friend, the "Wise" Elector of Saxony. While riding through the forest on his way from Worms, a company of masked and armed horsemen swooped down upon the defenceless monk, and at midnight he found himself in this mountain eyrie among the clouds. Here, like John at Patmos, he remained in hiding till the outburst of the storm of persecution was overpast. At first his friends thought he was dead. But soon a shower of tracts, pamphlets, and books from his pen, convinced them that he was in vigorous life; and here he performed his greatest work for the German Fatherland—the translation of the Scriptures into the common speech.

Other relics of the glorious monk I also saw, as his portrait and that of his wife, the gentle Katharine Von Bora, at Heidelberg, and the ring with which he espoused his "dear and gracious Keetha," as he fondly called her. These little souvenirs, trifling as they may seem in themselves, yet acquire a touching interest as visible links which connect us more sensibly with one of the grandest men that ever lived and laboured for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

"HE KNOWS."

"*I know their sorrows.*"—Exod. iii. 7.

HE knows!
Yes, Jesus knows just what you cannot tell,
He understands so well!
The silence of the heart is heard,
He does not need a single word.
He thinks of you,
He watcheth and He careth too;
He pitieth, He loveth! All this flows
In one sweet word: "He knows!"

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

LEBANON AND THE ÆGEAN.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

Our two-days' rest at Damascus prepared us for the rough work among the mountains, and it was with buoyant eager spirits that we cantered along the smooth macadamized road that leads to the sea. The day was not to pass, however, without its mishaps. We had scarcely got beyond the outskirts of the city when one of the horses shied, throwing its lady rider heavily upon the hard street, and again, farther on, in going down a steep, rough pitch among the mountains a gentleman from Philadelphia was thrown upon his head, and was so severely hurt that for several days he suffered from the effects. Although falls from the saddle had been comparatively frequent there had, so far, been only one serious accident, that occurring to a lady in the valley of Jordan.

Our course lay along the low bank of the Barada, and past the gardens and groves of the suburbs, and in less than an hour we took our last look at the famous city of the East, and began winding through the shady valleys that penetrate the mountain range, Turning aside from the main road we entered upon a barren hilly tract, but toward noon came upon a well-wooded valley, where gardens, orchards, and villages abounded. Our lunch was taken under the trees close to the source of the Fijéh, one of the branches of the Barada. In a dark dell, shadowed by rugged cliffs, burst forth the waters of the stream from the base of the steep crag, and flow swiftly down to join the river, half a mile away. A chosen spot for Pagan rites and mysteries, it is not surprising to find the remains of ancient temples, built over the head waters. Our course during the afternoon lay among some charming scenery. On the right rose the high hills, with rich brown hues on the loftier crags and summits, while the lower slopes were covered with the vine and fig-tree, and on the left was a valley where the tract of green foliage marked the river's course. Orchards of various kinds abounded. Quince trees and pomegranates looked very pretty arrayed in their spring blossoms, and in one place, to our surprise, we came upon our old friend, the

apple tree, in bloom. Thrifty villages lie along the valley, and their inhabitants freely exchanged with us the courteous "salaam." Our camping-place was in the midst of picturesque hills. On

MOUNT LEBANON.

three sides rose the lofty cliffs of reddish rock, on one of which, we were told, stands the tomb of Abel, and on the other side we

could hear the murmur of the river, hidden by the thickets. This is the site of an old Roman outpost.

The next morning we entered a narrow gorge where the scenery is characterized by rugged grandeur, the effect being heightened by the rich contrasts of colour among the rocks. Indeed, one of the great charms of Lebanon scenery is this variety of colour. Here are white limestone deepening into dull grey; brown sandstone taking in many parts the hue of blood; black basalt in the crags, and red clay on the slopes; snow on the mountain peaks, and green in the valleys below, while over all is the clear blue of the Syrian sky. Again and again did some one break out in expressions of delight at the richness of the hues. I also noticed here the unusual sight of lava over limestone, and a little further on I found the rock exceedingly rich in fossils. On the opposite cliff are an old Roman road and aqueduct cut out of the solid rock, which we stopped to examine, and on the face of the rock are two Latin inscriptions, intimating that the work was done by Julius Verus, about 164 years after Christ. At this mountain pass, it is said, once stood the ancient city of Abilene. Our ride during the day was through the valley of Lebdany, in the heart of the anti-Lebanon, a country abounding in fruit. The villages in this lofty region are favourite places of summer resort for the consuls and missionaries of Damascus.

The next day, after a ride of about five hours, following the course of streams, whose westward current showed that we had got beyond the ridge, we suddenly came upon a very fine view of the lofty and majestic ruins of Baalbec. Nestling to the east of its ancient walls is a Christian village of about 500 inhabitants. Riding past some of the houses, little girls greeted us with a pleasant English "Good morning;" and when crossing the pretty stream that flows through the place, we heard others sing in strains familiar to our childhood days,—

"There is a happy land, far, far away," etc.

These we afterwards learned were pupils attending school in the village, taught by an English lady.

Riding through a long covered way, flanked by chambers, where Crusaders once stabled their horses, we emerged upon a high plateau or court in the midst of the most majestic ruins my eyes had ever beheld. While the party is taking a hasty luncheon

under the shadow of one of the temples, let us enquire what is Baalbec? Its early history is involved in darkness; but from earliest times it was a chief seat of sun-worship, as its name, Baalbec or Heliopolis, implies. Legend attributes the building of the great temple to Solomon, under the influence of his heathen wives, but other accounts assign it to Antoninus Pius (A.D. 138-161). The temple afterwards became a Christian church. The city was sacked by the Arabs in the 8th century, and the temple was converted into a fortress, which for a time fell into the hands of the Crusaders. In the year 1400 the city was pillaged by the Tartar Timur Bèy, and the whole place gradually sank into decay. Many of the massive pillars were overturned by the Pashas of Damascus, simply for the sake of the iron which bound the stones together; and what was left was still further ruined by an earthquake in 1759. It was once the most magnificent of Syrian cities, full of palaces, fountains, and splendid monuments; to-day it is a subject of curiosity and speculation to strangers from far-off lands. The plateau on which its chief ruins remain is an artificial one, raised about thirty feet above the surrounding plain, having immense vaults underneath and defended by massive walls and battlements. It is 900 feet in length by 500 in width. Mr. Prime says, "If all the ruins of ancient Rome were gathered together in one group, they would not equal in extent the ruins of Baalbec." Its walls are Cyclopean in their dimensions, many of the stones being from twenty to thirty feet in length. In one place, twenty feet above the ground, are three monsters of the quarry, placed end to end, each of them 63 feet in length by 13 in thickness. In the quarry, about a mile away, lies one, 69 feet long by 17 wide and 14 deep. The huge monster loomed far above our heads as we rode around it. It is estimated that to move it a yard in a second would require a force of 40,000 men. What Titanic power then was needed to drag the three stones I have mentioned nearly a mile and elevate them to a height of twenty feet! No wonder the Arabs hold that these were the works of genii and not of mortal hands!

During the afternoon we carefully examined the various courts, porticoes, chambers, corridors, which in addition to the temples, constitute this vast structure. Chief among the temples was that of the sun, a structure of 290 feet long by 160 wide. Of this only six columns now remain standing, bound together by a massive

but crumbling entablature. These are 75 feet in height by over 7 feet in thickness at the base. It is only by trying to reach across one of those lying prostrate that we obtained a true idea of their immensity; and yet how graceful they appear when in position! Close by is the temple of Jupiter, a little larger than the Parthenon at Athens, and comparatively little affected by the ravages of time. The roof has disappeared and some of the columns which surrounded the building on three sides have fallen; but the walls are standing, and the elegant carving of the main entrance can still be traced. The massive keystone has dropped down a little so that it has been found necessary to support it with a stone buttress. Inside can be traced the shrine of the god, and the hidden channel, whereby the voice of the priest could be conveyed through the image so as to appear to the anxious suppliant as the response of his deity. The walls and columns have acquired a warm golden tint, and might well appear like a favourite abode of the god of day, especially when bathed, as we saw them, in the mellow light of the setting sun. Rapidly the daylight faded away behind the western ridges, and then the moon came up in her stateliness and beauty, flooded the ruins with silvery light, weird and ghost-like, and showed the lofty columns; and as we roamed too and fro I realized as I could not in the bright sunlight that I walked under the shadow of dead centuries, mysterious, momentous, fateful, fraught with the triumphs and woes of generations, whose very names have passed into oblivion.

"But, say, who built thee up, thou queen?
Did Solomon the Great?
Did Sheba's lovely mistress lean
On yonder parapet?
And listen to the tinkling sound
Of Judah's daughters dancing round?

No, not in Egypt's ruined land,
Nor mid the Grecian isles,
Tower monuments so vast, so grand,
As Baalbec's early piles.
Baalbec, thou city of the Sun,
Why art thou silent, mighty one?"

There are other remains in the neighborhood, one of a large mosque with many pillars of unequal size, taken from the adjacent temple; and another of a little gem of a temple once sacred,

I believe, to Venus. A few of us made our way to the little mission school, where over a hundred girls are being trained in the truths of the Bible. They sang very sweetly for us, and we spent a pleasant hour in conversation with the English lady that has charge of it.

Our ride the next day was down the Valley of Cœlo-Syria, the level plain lying between the two ranges of Lebanon. The scenery is somewhat monotonous, the ridges varying very little in their appearance mile after mile. We passed several small villages, and one rather important town named Zahleh, having a population of about 10,000, chiefly Christian, nestling pleasantly in the midst of vineyards and poplar groves. A good macadamized road is being constructed from the Damascus road to Baalbec. That evening we encamped on one of the lower terraces close to the road to Beyrout, whence we had a good view over the plain we had left. The evening was chilly and we were weary, but as it was our last night under canvas we indulged in a little extra cheer. Abdallah, our Arab cook, excelled himself. Course after course was served, until exhausted nature cried "enough," but still the viands came, and at length Abdallah himself appeared, to receive the plaudits of his beneficiaries.

The next morning found us in saddle for our last day's ride. The road is a splendid macadamized one built by a French company, climbing by easy grades and many curves and zigzags over the mountain summit. The old track runs not far away, a miserable, break-neck affair, still used, however, by the poor muleteers and countrymen, for the heavy tolls on the new road make it, as Macgregor of *Rob Roy* fame says, "like a crust to a toothless beggar." Here and there by the way we met long heavily-laden carts and waggons, covered with canvas and drawn by strings of stout horses. It reminds one of Norman scenes, and, sure enough, while we speak, "*crack, crack*" goes a whip, and rattling noisily down yonder stretch in the road, comes our old friend, the diligence. All through Syria, French capital and influence seem to predominate. Arriving at the crest we enjoyed a magnificent view down the green valleys of the western slopes—down, down, until the green of the hills was merged in the deep blue of the Great Sea. On the north side of yonder point are the white buildings of Beyrout, and dotting the surface of the water are the dark hulls of ships. Far away in the distance looms up the form

of Cyprus, and off to the right is the lofty shore of Asia Minor trending westward. Long to be remembered is that beautiful view from the crest of Lebanon. We passed rapidly down the smooth road, having extending for miles, now on our left, now on our right, a deep valley or ravine, whose green slopes are dotted with villages and farm houses, and varied with the different shades of the vine, the mulberry, the olive, and the poplar, and the great stone pine with its umbrella-like top. Denser and richer becomes the foliage as we descend, until we find ourselves amid the deep green of orange and lemon groves. The fragrance from the clover, honeysuckle, and other flowers was most delicious, reminding one of those words in describing Israel restored, "His beauty shall be as the olive-tree and his smell as Lebanon." The inhabitants of this region are noted for their thrift and industry, and deal extensively in the cultivation and manufacture of silk. Most of them profess the Christian faith.

Arriving at the foot of the mountains we travelled a level space of well-tilled fields, passed the great pine grove, a favourite resort of the people, and after threading our way through the narrow streets of the town, came at length to our hotel, close to the low rocks of the sea shore. It was with a feeling of regret that I parted with the gentle and graceful pony that had carried me safely through so many miles of hazardous and wearisome travel.

Beyrout, the ancient Berytus, is noted for its salubrity and beauty of situation. Standing in the evening hour on the flat roof of one of its houses, one can see the sun sink to rest behind curtains of gold or crimson light, casting their rich tints on the blue waters which grow darker, and darker, and darker as the night shades settle down. Turning to the east one can see the light still playing among the high ridges of Lebanon, changing its rocks into amber and opal, and sapphire, and amethyst. The harbour is an open roadstead exposed to the force of winds from the north and west, but affording shelter from the south-west gales. Beyrout has a population of about 100,000.

Being the outport of Damascus and a large region of fertile counntry, the city is thriving and prosperous. Since the terrible Druse massacre it has grown very rapidly, and has become a favourite place of abode for people from many lands. In the

neighbourhood are found the remains which indicate its former greatness and splendour.

In this pleasant city we rested quietly for three days, awaiting the arrival of our steamer. On Sunday morning I went to the Presbyterian Church, a fine stone building, and heard an admirable sermon from Rev. Dr. Deems of New York, on the subject, "One New Man." Very felicitous were his references to the worn-out civilizations whose greatness had once encompassed the Mediterranean; and very glowing the prospect he presented of the future when manhood in its freshness, unity, and manliness should be the earth's glory, permanent everywhere, and when Jesus incarnated afresh in the hearts and lives of men should be everywhere glorified. In the afternoon I walked out upon the black honey-combed rocks and sat long watching the swells surging through narrow channels and spouting through wave-worn tunnels. On the Monday morning a small party of us drove to the American mission premises, through which we were kindly conducted by Dr. Jessup. The Ladies' College we found located in a comfortable building surrounded by a small garden and grove. Such at one time was the prejudice against female education that the missionaries began with four or five girls whom they boarded and educated free. There are now 45 boarders, of whom the poorest pay at least $20, while the greater part pay in full. Greek, Maronite, Druse, and Syrian girls are in attendance. In another part is a school strictly for Moslem girls. Near the roof we were shown the little room where Drs. Eli Smith and Vandyke laboured for twenty years at the translation of the Bible into Arabic, thus opening the sacred treasury to millions of souls ready to perish. The same room was used after the Druse massacre of 1860, as a depôt or distributing room whence bread and other necessaries were supplied for months to about 15,000 famishing and suffering ones throughout the Lebanon district. We were also conducted through the extensive printing establishment, connected with the mission. It employs 45 hands and has in stock 11,000 stereotype plates, chiefly in Arabic. Many of its issues are of religious and medical works; and I found some of its Sunday school-literature in use as far away as Cairo.

The educational work of the city is extensive. From the roof we were shown a large Jesuit college, and also Greek Patriarch,

Maronite, and British-Syrian schools and colleges. The Mohammedans have in self-defence established a large college of their own. From very early times the place has been noted for its learning. It was here also that Constantine issued his call for the famous Council of Nicæa; and here in later days Justinian established one of his schools of law. The American missionaries were the first in our own time to begin this work of education, and they still retain their priority. We were driven to their celebrated college outside the town. We found it in a large stone building, finely situated on a slope reaching down to the sea. It is supported by an endowment fund of $130,000 invested in New York; has a staff of seven professors and three tutors, and is attended by 120 students. It has a good geological museum, and its collection of fossil fish is said to be the largest in the world. Dr. Bliss, at the head of the institution, kindly conducted us through its various departments, and gave us the opportunity of a passing word with the students, many of whom are learning English. A few rods away we found the medical department, installed in another commodious stone building, which is furnished with an extensive collection of botanical specimens and a large number of anatomical models for use in the class-rooms. The institution at first met with strong opposition from the government; but it has steadily won its way to public confidence, until it has revolutionized the medical practice of the country, and on all sides set up witnesses to the advantages of Christian culture. The extent and vigour of Protestant missions in these Eastern lands was to me a constant surprise.

On the Tuesday evening we embarked on the steamer "Hungaria," and found her decks crowded with passengers of all classes and nationalities. The next morning found us approaching the shores of Cyprus. At seven o'clock we cast anchor in the port of Larnaca. This is the ancient Citium, birth-place of Zeno, the stoic philosopher. The scenery around the harbor is tame and uninteresting, and the town might well stand as the synonym of dullness. A number of the passengers went ashore for two or three hours, and long before the time for embarking, in the shade of restaurants or along the pebbly shore, were longing to be on board ship again. While waiting, patiently or otherwise, let us jot down a few items. The island is 145 miles in length by 40 in width. With barren mountain ranges on the north and south

it has in the interior a valley or plain noted for its fertility. The climate is very warm, and the summer drought is long and severe. Britain does not seem to have gained a very great prize in obtaining its cession, and yet the intelligent young soldier with whom we conversed seemed to think it of more value than is generally supposed. Into its chequered history we may not enter, but it has been a prize for kings to battle about, and many different standards have been toyed with by its zephyrs. It is not the first time that the cross of St. George has floated from its ramparts, for it was taken from the Saracens by Richard Cœur de Lion, and by him transferred to the Knights Templars. Since its capture from the Venetians by the Turks in 1570, it has sunk lower and lower under the hand of the oppressor, until now only about one-fifteenth part of its soil is under cultivation. There are also Scripture memories attaching to the island, as of Paul and Barnabas on their first missionary journey, and of Elymas smitten with blindness in the presence of Sergius Paulus, the pro-consul, leading to the conversion of the deputy. In embarking, many of the passengers brought with them bottles of the famous Cyprus wine, which is here sold at a franc a bottle. As our steamer coasted westward through the evening hours, the scenery became more rugged and grand. The hills rose one above the other until, like children embracing a parent, they clustered about the lofty form of Olympus, towering over all to a height of 7,000 feet. Memories of the Cyprian Venus and of honours paid to her, haunt these southern shores.

All the next day we were steaming northward over calm waters. Nowhere else does one fall so readily into the *dolce far niente* habit as in these sunny, eastern climes. How beautiful too, are these eastern skies by night, and how brightly the waters sparkle and flame! At times it was like sheet lightning playing through a cloud. The next morning we came to anchor off the Island of Rhodes. Very pretty did the famous island look in the rays of the rising sun. High hills in the distance, slightly wooded, formed a pretty background to the stone buildings of the town, closely packed along the shore. At each end of the small bay stands a fortress, and along the water's edge, from one to the other stretches a lofty stone wall. The entrance to a narrow inner harbor is pointed out as the spot once bestrode by the lofty Colossus. Leaving Rhodes at six o'clock we spent the day in

admiring the ever-varying scenery of the Archipelago. A bright sky overhead, a calm sea intensely blue below, and all around scenes made famous in the pages of classic and Scripture history —who would not enjoy it? For how many centuries it has excited the rapture of the poet, and stirred even the sluggish blood of the embruted slave! Through these waters how many have sailed, warriors and missionaries, kings and philosophers, prosaic traders and imperial galleys with golden beak and silken sail, the conquered fleeing and victors pursuing! No wonder that more than one of those walking our deck could be heard repeating Byron's well known words:—

> "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,
> Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung;
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all, except their sun, is set."

Coasting along the peninsula of Cnidus, we passed through a narrow strait between Cos and the mainland. On the latter were scattered villages and a good-sized town, with an extensive fortress on the island. The shores are rocky and destitute of trees. This lack of foliage, with its soft and varying tints of green, is one of the marked features of these islands, and gives one an idea of barrenness and desolation, perhaps undeserved. Never before did I so appreciate the beauty of our Canadian woods.

We steamed by well-known scenes, and among islands large and small. Up yonder deep inlet lay Halicarnassus; over there stood Trogyllium and Miletus, and beyond that headland was Ephesus. In the afternoon we caught sight of Patmos in the distance, and afterwards saw it bathed in the mellow light of evening. There an imprisoned John exulted in the glory of an opened heaven. We also passed close to lofty Samos, birth-place of Juno and Pythagoras, and long the residence of the great father of history. It seemed like a projection from the bold coast of Asia.

During the night I looked out of my window, and in the bright moonlight caught sight of the ill-fated Scio, so recently converted by the dread earthquake into a great charnel-house. The next morning we rounded into the deep bay or gulf, at the head of which stands Smyrna. The scenery is charming. The hills

are bare, but along the shores there is a belt of green, dotted here and there with white villages. Smyrna itself presents a fine appearance from the water. Built up from the shore it reaches some distance up the slopes of the adjacent hills. It is the chief city of Asia Minor, and has a population of 180,000. Its foreign trade is still very large, although the coasting steamers gather at other ports what formerly came to Smyrna by caravan. Its most active merchants are French, Italian, and English. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses, except in the foreign quarter, mean and dingy. It is one of the favoured cities of the seven mentioned in the Apocalypse, and is the only one that has retained its importance till the present.

We spent most of the day on shore. Our first visit was to the tomb of Lazarus, so called, in a Greek Church ; after that some of the party took donkeys and carriages to visit Polycarp's tomb, marked by a solitary cypress half way up the hill, and Diana's Bath, a reservoir of very clear water. The view from the hills is said to be very fine. The sun being very warm I was content to betake myself to the luxury of an eastern bath. There is a railway extending from Smyrna over fifty miles inland to Aden, a town of 80,000 inhabitants. About half way is Ephesus, but unfortunately we had not time to visit it. Leaving port about six we greatly enjoyed the view of the city and harbour in the light of the setting sun.

On Sunday morning when I came on deck I found that we were running along the north shore of the Island of Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos, rivalling Athens in learning and the arts. In about an hour we passed Besika Bay, so long the watching place of the British fleet during the last Russian war. Quite a number of vessels lay moored near the shore. We soon came to anchor at the inside of the Island of Tenedos, where we took on board some freight and passengers from the little town. Here we had time to inspect the opposite shore at our leisure. World-famous that shore has become through the verses of the blind old bard. Making it the battle-ground of gods and men, he has peopled it with gods who became like men in their passions and sympathies, and men who became like gods in their heroic fortitude. He made it the Bible-land to the ancient Greeks, and so strong is the glamour he threw about it, that even to-day, when it is tame and desolate, one can in fancy see the lofty walls of Ilium, and people its plains with helmeted heroes, contending in deadly conflict.

Far off in the distance Mount Ida lifts its summit, with the snow still showing in its shady ravines. Beyond yonder line of low hills stood the ancient Troy, scene of such heroic struggle and such dire tragedy. The coast line is comparatively low and level. Not far from the shore and a mile or so apart, stand two lofty mounds, apparently like that which marks the field of Waterloo; and these are the supposed tombs of Ajax and Achilles. It is in these that Mr. Schiliemann obtained his famous relics. Divine service was held as we coasted along the Troad; and as it devolved upon me to take part in it, I spoke briefly of the vision of Paul at Troas, in which he found his call to the evangelization of Europe. Rounding the promontory of Sigæum, on which is built a good sized town, we passed on our right the low valley of the Scamander running far into the interior, and giving us a good view of the region where Troy once stood. On our left extended the Thracian Chersonesus.

In a short time we cast anchor at the town of Dardanelli, on the Asiatic side, where we had to obtain permission before we could enter the sacred waters of the Turk. The shore on either side was lined with strong fortresses, whose guns threatened death to any rash intruder. A strong wind and a heavy swell prevailed and it was a long time before parties intending to land went drifting down the stream toward the landing place. In the meantime some of the passengers were driving quite a busy trade in ugly painted earthenware, images of griffins and other beasts, such as were never seen in the heavens above or the earth beneath. The Hellespont is from two to three miles wide, and is one of the world's grand avenues of trade. Soon after weighing anchor we passed Abydos, scenes of Leander's and Byron's swimming feats. And thus the scoffing poet made light of the unfortunate lover's fate:—

> "'Twere hard to say who fared the best;
> Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you;
> He lost his labour, I my jest!
> For he was drowned, and I've the ague."

Late in the afternoon we passed the scene of the last battle of the second Pellopponesian war, and the place where the wide and rapid stream was spanned by Xerxes' famous bridge of boats.

Soon after dark we anchored opposite the line of lights on the left, which marked the site of Gallipoli, near the entrance to the Sea of Marmora.

"THE SALVATION ARMY."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. BOOTH.*

THE readers of this Magazine are aware that a Christian organization, numerically powerful and increasing with marvellous rapidity, exists, bearing the title which stands at the head of this article. Few, if any, towns in England of any size or importance are now without a vigorous branch or "corps" at work in their midst; whilst the frequent prosecution of members of the "Army"—generally for no greater offence than that of obstructing the thoroughfares—and the widespread circulation of the official organ, called *The War Cry*, have caused the sayings and doings of this somewhat eccentric but devoted body of Christians to be extensively known.

Of one thing we are now fully convinced—this work is of God, and will not come to nought, so long as it continues on its present lines. Like Methodism, it will, no doubt, be moulded by future experience and providential circumstances. What may be its ultimate position amongst the Churches of the land, it is impossible to say. At present the movement is in its infancy.

The head and founder of this novel system of militant Christianity is the Rev. William Booth, formerly a minister in the Methodist New Connexion, and subsequently an Evangelist attached to the Wesleyan Church. Partly through the stringency of regulations, and partly as the result of a restless individuality, the "General" has been brought to his present position of absolute independence and isolation. His devoted and gifted wife is only less prominent, and not a whit less popular, than himself; and three sons and two daughters are at present engaged in various departments of the work. A family thus consecrated to Christian evangelism is a fact as pleasing as it is exceptional, and goes far towards explaining the intense enthusiasm which characterizes so many of the subordinate officers and soldiers of the Army.

That the Salvation Army is a powerful force in evangelism is now beyond question. The published reports state that there are in England alone—stations, 172; paid Evangelists, 363;

* Condensed from *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

unpaid speakers, 6,180; and further, that 166,000 services were held last year, at which £17,669 were contributed for the expenses of the work. But vastly more striking than the mere total is the rate of increase during the last three years. When most of the Evangelical Churches were numerically almost standing still, these humble pioneers were adding nearly two hundred to the number of their paid preachers, and more than two thousand to their voluntary staff, thereby enabling them to conduct sixty-six thousand more services last year than during the previous one. Nor does it detract from these marvellous results to object that these speakers and preachers are for the most part uneducated, and comparatively inexperienced. So were the fishermen of Galilee. So were most of the early Methodist preachers. So it has been from the beginning. God has "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and *things that are despised* . . yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are."

The Salvation Army has a specific aim, upon which all its methods and operations are brought to bear. Its mission is pre-eminently to the masses. The ordinary church-going community is outside its sphere of action. It is amongst thieves and *casuals*, drunkards and pugilists, gamblers and wife-beaters, the immoral and the profane, that its grandest triumphs have been achieved. It is the lapsed, lost multitudes, unloved and uncared for, dead alike to shame and virtue, whom it seeks to reclaim. And who would not welcome any system of evangelism which honestly endeavours to attack this hydra-headed monster in its den—this hideous heathenism which, octopus-like, blackens and poisons the stream of human life, and thrusts out its strong tentacles to environ the unwary youth who venture within its reach?

This fact should be kept in mind by any critic who mounts the censor's tribune, by any Church which protests against the methods employed. The responsibility rests unquestionably with such objectors to show that alternative methods, or existing Church appliances, can grapple more successfully with this gigantic social and religious problem.

That the majority of British workingmen have not been to any great extent reached by Christianity, is evident to any

candid observer who will take a walk some Sunday evening through the great thoroughfares of London, Liverpool, Manchester, or Birmingham. In the Whitechapel Road, for instance, the headquarters of the Salvation Army, he will find thousands of human beings thronging the streets without a thought of church or chapel, God or Sabbath. It is painfully clear that Christian sanctuaries scarcely arrest the attention of these multitudes, much less attract them within sound of the Gospel which is proclaimed from their pulpits.

The Salvation Army, on the other hand, *does* succeed, at any rate, in arresting attention, even though it be by provoking laughter and ridicule. It does more; for thousands of these parson-hating, chapel-shunning vagrants do actually throng the theatres and circuses where some strong-lunged Boanerges relates in thrilling language the story of his own conversion, and where popular, though noisy music, led by fiddles and concertinas, awakens the interest of the most phlegmatic.

It is our duty, as Christian observers and vigilant watchmen on the towers of Zion, to ascertain the secret of this wonderful success in a field in which there has been hitherto such conspicuous failure.

Under the Divine First Cause, we think we can discern certain secondary causes, human adaptations of means to an end, which go far to account for the effects produced.

In the first place, the fundamental idea of an *Army*, which lies at the root of the whole movement, is as original in its application as it is Scriptural in its conception. It arose out of a conversation which took place some four or five years ago between *the General* and Mr. Railton, at a time when a good deal of interest was awakened in our volunteers. The idea, which was at once seized and acted upon, has since proved to be a stroke of consecrated genius, if not an intimation direct from heaven. What passages are more familiar in our prayer-meetings and class-meetings than those which contain references to "the sword of the Spirit;" "the whole armour of God;" "the fight of faith;" and the final shout of "victory?" Nor can we forget the martial spirit which animates many of our favourite hymns. How often has our drooping zeal revived as we have sung with heart and voice, "Soldiers of Christ, arise;" "Surrounded by a host of foes;" or, "Shall I for for fear of feeble

man!" The militant character of the Church is fully recognized in our formularies and hymnology. Who can tell whether God has raised up this band of real Crusaders, whose aim is not the capture of some sacred shrine, but the emancipation of enthralled slaves, as He raised up Wesley, to resuscitate missionary evangelism?

The idea of a vast Christian Army, moreover, possesses many obvious practical advantages, especially amongst those who at present constitute its backbone. It is intelligible and popular. It suggests not only universal enlistment, but active participation in the struggle. It exactly fits the combative groove in which many of its new adherents have been living; they have been accustomed to fight, and fight they must. It implies discipline and self-denial. Its purpose and aim are proclaimed in its very title.

But the greatest advantage accruing from this system is the personal responsibility of each new convert. Every added *member* becomes a *soldier*, and every soldier is expected to fight. In this way the interest of each new-born soul is enlisted from its birth. Methodism holds the maxim, tersely expressed by Mr. Forster: "All at it, and always at it;" but, alas! it too commonly brings forth no practical fruit, as a glance at our class-books would too painfully reveal.

It is related of the late Lord Lansdowne, that on being asked what could be done to cure a hopelessly rotten borough, he promptly replied: "Send them an enthusiast." His Lordship is not far wrong. Enthusiasm is unquestionably one of the most potent forces in the universe of mind or morals. No great movement will succeed without it. Many a mighty revolution has been effected by it. The Salvation Army is an organization of downright enthusiasts. Their blood-red banner contains but two words emblazoned upon it; but they are two of the most rousing in the English language: BLOOD—FIRE, symbolizing the doctrines of the Atonement, and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. These are the truths which fire their zeal and form the burden of their pointed and powerful addresses. Brainerd's ceaseless prayer: "O that I were a flaming fire in the service of my God!" is answered in these men. They have no sympathy with half-and-half measures, or with humdrum services; and if expostulated with on account of their excessive vociferation, have

been known to reply: "Surely it is better that the pot should boil over, than that it should not boil at all." No amount of opposition daunts them, and no slander disheartens them. They muster early in the morning; they remain sometimes all night. Their zeal is unquestioned, and like that of Wesley and Whitefield, Berridge and Venn, it carries all before it. Our founder is reported to have said: "Give me a hundred men who fear nothing but sin, and love nothing but God, and I will turn the world upside down." Here are hundreds of such men. What wonder, therefore, that we see formalists trembling for their Church proprieties, and hear anxious publicans wailing out the ancient refrain: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also?"

The Salvation Army has undoubtedly derived much of its success in reaching the lower strata of society from the wise adoption of a principle which we are accustomed to hear advocated with unceasing reiteration from our Foreign Missionary platforms, but which has been, we think, far too much ignored in our missions to the heathen at home: the employment of a *Native Agency.* Whether we can account for it or not, there is well-nigh as much divergence in habits of thought, utterance, and life, between the "rowdy" class and the average Christian minister in Great Britain, as between the Indian Brahman or Pariah and the European missionary. Between these social extremes there is a great gulf fixed.

Many of our readers will call to mind one of Mr. J. B. Gough's most telling anecdotes, in which he narrates his experience in attempting to address an audience of this kind; how, with all his eloquence, pathos, and humour, he could only provoke an idiotic grin or a vacant stare; whilst one of their own fellow-workman who followed him, roused immediately the slumbering sympathies of his audience, and induced a large number to come forward and sign the temperance pledge. In the Salvation Army this principle is acted out to a degree hitherto untried. With a sagacity not approved by some, every new convert is encouraged to relate publicly, and in his own fashion, the story of his conversion. Now, the world has a strong liking for facts. It delights in positive statements, and will always listen to a man who can say: "I *know* because I have *proved.*" The first words uttered by one of these men will usually be: "Thank God, I am saved."

Then follows a brief but thrilling account of his old life, and a loud hosanna to the Redeemer for peace and pardon *found*. The words come red-hot from a furnace newly kindled by Divine love. What wonder that they carry conviction to hardened reprobates, who could stand a hundred ordinary sermons unmoved?

These native agents who can speak to their comrades in their own tongue wherein they were born, possess a power of making old-fashioned truths pungent and forceful beyond anything that refined and educated speakers, with all their arts of rhetoric, can accomplish. Had the Church paid more regard to this fact in the past, her success would have been proportionably greater. Who can so effectively approach a lady, fenced round with the conventionalities of modern society, as one in her own station; and who can tackle a costermonger like one of his old chums?

"Music," says Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts." The Salvation Army has great faith in the ministry of song. Here is another source of its popularity. Since the days of the Wesleys, the power of sacred minstrelsy as a handmaid to the direct preaching of the Gospel has been more widely recognized, and in recent years the efforts of such men as Phillips and Sankey have given a new impetus to this important factor in successful evangelism.

Now, if it is important that these raw spiritual recruits should sing something good, it is manifestly desirable that as little time as possible should be lost in acquiring the knowledge of certain tunes, and that when acquired they should be sufficiently taking to commend themselves to the popular taste. Hence the wisdom of the leaders of the Army in allowing sacred works to be sung to such well-known tunes as "Auld Lang Syne," "Grandfather's Clock," and "Poor Old Joe." The Wesleys questioned the right of the adversary to all the good tunes. We are afraid that Methodists have outgrown the old-fashioned peculiar metres, with a refrain which tempted repetition, and kindled the ardour and inflamed the zeal of their ancestors.

Turning now from some of the obviously commendable features of this *corps militaire* to those which are regarded by many as blemishes, we are at once confronted by a host of critics, friendly

and unfriendly, candid and captious. Our endeavour will be to deal impartially with the most common and weighty of these objections.

Does not the Salvation Army encourage irreverence bordering on profanity ?

This is generally regarded as "the head and front" of their "offending;" but it must be remembered that what is irreverent in the estimation of a refined mind is not so to a coarser mind. The history and training of these converts must be taken into account. They speak the only language with which they are familiar. Salvation is a very practical and revolutionary event; and the Author of it a very real Person, towards Whom they they entertain the warmest affection, which comes bubbling up from strong hearts, and finds expression in terse and homely phrase. For the Devil they had as little love as Luther had, and, like that heroic but rugged Reformer, they regard him as the principal author of all their miseries. We are pleased to notice a decided improvement in the literary style of the official gazette, for we have always felt that language which is permissible in the warm atmosphere of an evangelistic service may be unsuitable for a public newspaper, which necessarily passes through the hands of responsible and educated supervisors.

Does not the Army rob existing Churches ?

To some extent this is undeniable. But notwithstanding isolated cases, where ordinary services have been temporarily injured, and unhealthy excitement created, we think that in the end existing Churches are rather benefited than otherwise. During the earlier stages of the movement this complaint was more frequently heard than of late. The reason, as explained to us by the "General" himself, was not far to seek. Their services were at that time conducted on ordinary Church lines, and ordinery Church-goers were attracted. In a short time these persons returned to their own places of worship, and the mission was left high and dry. As at present conducted, the services of the "Army" are designedly of such a character as to repel those familiar with orderly worship, and to attract only the outside, non-worshipping mob of lawless and "lewd fellows of the baser sort." The result is that these classes when converted form the rank and file of the Army, and constitute its strength and stamina.

Does not the Army create an uproar, and disturb the quiet of the Sabbath?

That it provokes the hostility of the publicans and their votaries, and thereby indirectly creates opposition, is unquestionable, and if their efforts at reform succeed, inevitable. For, seeing "the hope of their gains" slipping away, they quickly gather round the shrine, not of Diana, and cry lustily enough: "Great is Bacchus, the workingman's friend!" But it does not follow that the Army should therefore desist from its aggressive work. Costermongers cry their wares on Sunday; why should not Christians cry: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters?" Brass bands are permitted to perambulate the streets in municipal processions; why not bands singing spiritual songs? To a lady who complained of the behaviour of the mob outside one of the Salvation halls, Mrs. Booth forcibly replied: "Do we create this mass of heathenism? Are we responsible for their condition? I am not a citizeness of your city; I was not born or bred here. I have only come on a visit to see our people, who try to reach these classes and do them good. We show you the mass of ruffianism you have allowed to grow up untaught, untrained, uneducated. Hundreds can neither read nor write. You have let them grow up behind your houses, at your very doors, under your church steeples. Here they are, essentially heathen, not caring about God, not caring about His house or His service; they are as heathen as the natives of Central Africa; and you Christians have let them grow up so; and when we try to gather them, you turn about and slap us in the face." That is, to our thinking, a silencing reply.

Does not the Army give indiscreet and unscriptural prominence to young and inexperienced female Evangelists?

On the general question of the Scriptural warrant for the employment of female Evangelists, we do not propose to enter. The subject is too large for the space at our disposal. To any who desire to see the question examined in the light of God's Word, we would recommend Mrs. Booth's little tract, entitled *Female Ministry.* There are thousands of intelligent men who would hesitate to endorse Dr. Johnson's opprobrious remark, that "a woman preaching is like a dog standing on its hind-legs; it cannot be done well, and the wonder is it can be done at all." As to the youth and fitness of the evangelists employed,

we have no means of controverting Mrs. Booth's statement, that "a more decorous and modest body of women than our female officers is not to be found on the face of the earth. They are admired and respected by all who know them." This experiment undoubtedly may be regarded as tentative, and it should be carefully watched and guarded.

Is not the organization of the Army structurally weak and liable to disruption?

Here is, apparently, its infirm point. It has grown up under a dictatorship, and at present its government is a spiritual despotism. Mr. Booth is to the Army exactly what Mr. Wesley was to Methodism before the formation of the Conference. How long this military *regime* will last, it is impossible to say. Mr. Booth has sons, equally respected with himself, who are likely to become his heirs and successors. But offshoots are inevitable; indeed, they already exist in many places. At present the general's command is law. He says "Go," and they go; "Do this," and it is done. No officer is sure how long he will remain in any one place. He is emphatically a "travelling preacher," and may be summoned, like another Evangelist, to leave the scene of successful labour and "go....unto the way....which is desert." The greater his efficiency the more likelihood of his being sent on some desperate enterprise, or to lead some forlorn hope.

Are not the Sacraments wholly ignored?

We believe this is the case. There is no uniform plan of administration, and, indeed, no public or formal recognition of their obligation. The views of Mr. Booth in this respect closely resemble those of the *Friends*. At the same time, where the people desire it, both Communion and Baptismal services are conducted by officers of the Army, without any extraneous ministerial assistance.

Do the converts stand?

We cannot do better than quote Mr. Booth's answer: "Many who profess to be saved, doubtless, are only convicted; and many who appear to be really saved fall away, unable to stand against the power of old habits, the ridicule and persecution to which they are subject in their homes, or workshops, or from other sources. But that multitudes do stand is evident from the number of officers and soldiers now in the Army. See our three

hundred and twenty officers, nearly all our own converts. They have stood. See our six thousand voluntary speakers; and see thousands of men and women living holy lives and fighting for God, all over the globe."

In spite of all objections, the plain fact remains: the Salvation Army has succeeded in attracting and reforming a class of people wholly outside the bounds of ordinary Christian agency. Here is a man who says: "I have been fifteen times in prison; often two policemen have had to take me, and then it was a severe struggle to get me into the cell; but Jesus took me into his heart, and where He leads I will follow." Another: "I have suffered more through drink than any one could imagine. What the magistrates and police could not do, God, through the Salvation Army, has done." A third: "I have gone through £365 in four months, besides a house and furniture worth £60, in drink and such-like devilry. If anyone has a right to bless God, I have." Three maiden Assizes were recently held in the Midland Counties, a result attributable in each case mainly to the influence of the Army. In Manchester, Gloucester, and other large towns, the magistrates and police have testified in the most unqualified manner to the genuine work of reformation which has been accomplished amongst a population notoriously violent and law-breaking. In the huge circus at Bristol, capable of holding between two and three thousand persons, as many as one hundred and twenty penitents have come forward at one time and implored Divine mercy.

Apart from men and methods, there is one Agent who is the Author of all spiritual power over the consciences of the unregenerate: God the Holy Ghost. Preaching little besides the Atonement through the blood of Christ, and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost; holding early morning services, experience meetings, all-night meetings for prayer, and huge gatherings and processions out-of-doors, they literally fulfil the Saviour's command: "Go out into the highways and hedges," the streets and lanes, "and compel them to come in."

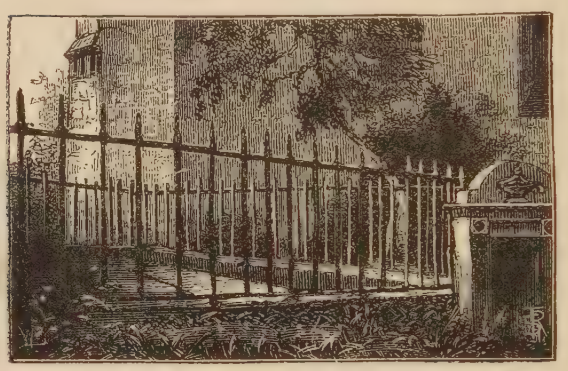
Whereunto this movement will grow, it is impossible to say. Already successful inroads have been made upon Ireland, America, Australia, and France, and a mission to Russia is contemplated. Why should not the world feel the magnetic influence of this new-born enthusiasm for the perishing masses?

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

HEROES AND MARTYRS OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANT.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED, OLD GREY FRIARS CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

AROUND the blue banner of the Scottish Covenant gather memories as heroic as ever thrilled the heart of man. As we read to-day its story, two hundred years after the last covenanting martyr went to God, our souls are touched to tenderness and tears. Like a waft of mountain air, fragrant with the bloom of the gorse and heather, comes the inspiration of the noble lives and nobler deaths of those brave confessors of the faith and witnesses for God. No single name looms up so conspicuously as that of Knox at an earlier period. But the heroes of the Covenant were a grand army of brave men, battling and dying for the truth.*

On the downfall of Popery in Scotland, the whole hierarchy of bishops and archbishops was swept away. But the court party,

* Among the authorities consulted for this paper are Gilfillan's "Martyrs and Heroes of the Scottish Covenant," James Taylor's "Scottish Covenanters," the Westminster Confession, and Solemn League and Covenant, Neal's Puritan's, Knight's, Green's, Macaulay's, and Hume's Histories, and many Cyclopœdia articles. Scott's "Old Mortality" gives a more vivid, though not an impartial, conception of the Covenanters and their times than all the histories that have been written on the subject.

anxious to retain the revenues of the confiscated abbeys and church lands, appointed certain lay dignitaries to draw these ecclesiastical revenues for the benefit of the nobles. They were nicknamed *tulchan*-bishops, from the stuffed calf or *tulchan* used to induce the kine to yield their milk. James VI., of Scotland, in the year 1578, signed the National Covenant destined to play such an important part in the history of Scotland. The Covenant included a solemn abjuration of Popery and an oath to support the Protestant religion. The king avowed himself a staunch convert to the Presbyterian Kirk, and characterized the service of the Reformed Anglican Church as "an ill-mumbled mass." The "old leaven" of Popery was still working in the land, and James, paltering with the Popish lords, was reminded by the bold Andrew Melville * that "there were two kings in the realm, one King James and the other King Jesus, whose subject King James was."

On the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, James mounted the throne of England. He soon forgot his antipathy to the ill-mumbled mass, and sought to introduce the Anglican service and Episcopacy into Scotland. "No bishop, no king," was his frequent adage. The sturdy Presbyterians of the north protested and preached against the "black prelacy." But the king introduced the hated liturgy into the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, and commanded the observance of the semi-Popish festivals, as they were considered, of Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter.

On the death of James, his son, Charles I., was still more headstrong in opposition to the national will. Archbishop Laud determined to force upon the Scotch a form of service modelled after the Popish breviary. When the Dean of Edinburgh attempted, in the High Church of St. Giles, to read the new liturgy, the honest Scotch wife, Jenny Geddes—immortalized by the deed—hurled her stool at his head, with the cry "Villain, wilt thou read the mass at my lug!" An excited mob raised a riot in the city, and the whole nation was roused. Hundreds of petitions against the liturgy were sent to the king, and amid the greatest enthusiasm the National Covenant was renewed. On the 1st of

* On this occasion he presented to the Lords in Council a remonstrance against the usurpation of the rights of the church by the King. "Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles?" demanded the Earl of Arran. "I dare," answered Melville, in the spirit of Knox, and stepping forward he signed the obnoxious document.

March, 1638, after a sermon in the old Greyfriars' Church, a great parchment was spread upon a broad, flat tombstone in the churchyard, and was subscribed by such numbers that space failed, so that many could affix only their initials; and many of the signatures were written in blood. This Solemn Covenant expresses their abhorrence of "all kinds of Papistry, and especially of the Pope's pretended primacy over the Christian Church, and his bastard sacraments and false doctrines, all which they promised before God, His Angels and the world, to oppose to the utmost of their power, and to defend the ancient doctrines and discipline of their Kirk all the days of their lives, under the pains contained in the law, and danger both of body and soul in the day of God's fearful judgment; protesting and calling the Searcher of all hearts to witness that their minds and hearts do fully agree with this their confession, promises, oaths, and subscriptions, as they hope God will be their defence in the day of death and the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Never did nation before make more solemn and awful engagement to God than this. It was received as a sacred oath and was defended with the heart's blood of Scotland's bravest sons. Charles at first dissembled his anger and sent the Marquis of Hamilton with terms of peace on his lips, but with enmity in his heart. He entered Edinburgh in procession, amid an assemblage of seventy thousand persons, including seven thousand ministers in Geneva cloaks. But the stout-hearted Scottish carles were not to be cajoled by the king's fair words. They convened a free General Assembly, in spite of the king's interdict, to settle the state of Christ's Kirk. Charles poured two armies into Scotland to punish their sedition. General Leslie, who had served under Gustavus Adolphus, took arms for the Assembly, summoned troops by beaconfires and seized the fortified places, Dumbarton, Stirling, and Edinburgh Castle. The covenanting host rallied round the blue and crimson flag, then first flung to the winds, emblazoned with the words, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." A crowd of volunteers, both gentle and simple, including women of rank, laboured on the fortifications of Leith. And when Hamilton, with his fleet, came in view, his mother, a true "Deborah of the Covenant," rode down to the beach, carrying pistols loaded with *golden* balls, to shoot, if necessary, her recreant son.

Charles made a hollow truce with his seditious subjects, which

he soon broke. But the breach between the king and his parliament now took place. The civil war broke out. The Scottish Presbyterians entered into a Solemn League and Covenant with the English Parliament for the defence of the Protestant faith. An assembly of divines was convened at Westminster to take into consideration the state of Christ's Church in the three Kingdoms. In the venerable Abbey was gathered in the summer months of 1643, while strife and tumult filled the land, all that was wisest and best in the realm, to formulate that Confession of Faith which, notwithstanding its occasional narrowness of dogma and its excessive subtlety of definition, and sternness of interpretation of Christ's gospel of love, is one of the noblest documents of the age and one of the sublimest embodiments of Christian doctrine ever conceived. The influence upon the minds and hearts of successive generations of that popular manual of religion, the Shorter Catechism, has been equalled, we judge, only by that of the Word of God itself. After four years of laborious service, the grand Confession and Catechisms, which are still the standards of Presbyterian faith and worship throughout the world, were completed and received the sanction of the estates of Parliament.*

In Scotland, the Earl of Montrose, originally a Covenanter, changed sides and raised the white flag for the King. He blazed like a meteor through the highlands, winning brilliant victories, and carrying terror and bloodshed into many a peaceful vale. He was at length defeated and exiled; but returning in arms was apprehended, beheaded, and quartered with the utmost indignities of that stern age, at Edinburgh. His gallant death, the theme of Aytoun's fine poem, redeemed his name from the infamy which

* When the Assembly came to the august question, "What is God?" an aged divine, with white streaming locks, arose and cried, "*Da Domine Lucem*"—"O Lord, give light," and never was sublimer answer given to that sublimest of all questions. "Had it been possible," says Gilfillan, "to stereotype any form or shape of that infinite thing, the truth of God, the Westminster divines would have stereotyped it; and had it been possible to arrest and fix the elastic energies of that 'fire unfolding itself,' which we call religion, they would have arrested and fixed it forever. This, thank God, was impossible, and this they have failed to do; but let them have their praise for the instruction and deep moral influences, which their writings have given and exerted over millions, and in a degree, perhaps, only inferior to the inspired volume itself."

his sternness might have won. Charles, flying from Cromwall, threw himself into the arms of the Scottish army. He refused to sign the Covenant, and the Scottish leaders handed him over to the English Parliament.* Soon the world beheld the astounding spectacle of the trial of a king and his execution in his own palace yard. Nothing in his life became him like his leaving it. The tragic manner of his death produced a re-action in his favour and crowned his memory with the mild halo of martyrdom,† and branded as a murderer England's uncrowned king, till, after two centuries, Carlyle has vindicated his fame. The Scots, with their loyal instincts, accepted the exiled Charles II., who eagerly swore to the Solemn Covenant which he soon so lightly broke. On the plains of Dunbar, Cromwell cried, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!" and smote the Covenanters "hip and thigh." At Worcester the power of Charles was utterly broken, and the king became a fugitive and an exile, and the "man of iron and blood" was supreme in the three kingdoms. When the sceptre fell from the hand of Cromwell to his weakling son, all the forces of re-action combined to restore the House of Stuart. With the crowning of the Merry Monarch the floodgates of profligacy were opened and the solemnly-sworn Covenant was forgotten. Presbyterianism he declared was no religion for a gentleman, and Episcopacy was again forced upon Scotland. As an expiation for the late revolt an illustrious

* Gilfillan defends them from the charge of selling their king. The £400,000 paid was in discharge of old arrears. But the partisans of the "blessed martyr" have ever accused them, though, we believe, unjustly, of deliberate treachery.

† A copy of the Book of Common Prayer before us, licensed in 1855, contains the form of prayer with fasting, to be used yearly on the 30th of January. Among other words which we shall not characterize, it says:— "We acknowledge it thine especial favour, that though for our many and great provocations, thou didst suffer thine anointed blessed King Charles the First (as on this day) to fall into the hands of violent and bloodthirsty men, barbarously to be murdered by them, yet thou didst not leave us forever, as sheep without a shepherd; but by Thy gracious providence, didst miraculously preserve the undoubted heir of his crown, our then gracious sovereign, King Charles the Second, from his bloody enemies, hiding him under the shadow of thy wings, until their tyranny was overpast; and didst bring him back in thy good appointed time, to sit upon the throne of his father; and together with the Royal Family, didst restore to us our ancient government in Church and State."

victim must be found. The Earl of Argyll, ancestor of the Marquis of Lorne, the Governor-General of Canada, who with his own hand had crowned the King at Scone,* but afterward acknowledged Cromwell, was tried for treason, and, with all the barbarity of the age, beheaded. "I could die like a Roman," he said, on his way to the scaffold, "but I choose rather to die like a Christian."

The Covenants were torn by the hands of the common hangman and burned with drunken mockery. Rather than submit to the "black prelacy" four hundred ministers resigned their livings and were driven out in the depth of winter upon the snowy wolds. Their places were filled by a mob of illiterate hirelings so that it was said, "the cows were in jeopardy because the herd boys were all made parsons." Men and women were driven at the point of the sabre and under the penalty of a fine to a service which they abhorred; and to give "meat, drink, house, harbour, or succour" to an ejected minister was a crime. At length, stung by the oppression which "maketh even a wise man mad," a group of peasants attempted to rescue an old man from torture by a persecuting band of English troopers. A rising of hill-folk took place, which was ruthlessly crushed and cruelly punished. The prisoners were hanged by tens together, their voices drowned in the roll of drums. Among them was a young minister, Hugh McKail, the original of Scott's MacBriar in "Old Mortality." Tortured with the cruel thumbscrew, and the boot, an infernal device by which the bones of the legs were crushed and splintered by iron wedges, he endured his sufferings with the patience of a saint and the courage of a martyr. On the scaffold his dying words, whose pathos shall stir the pulses of our hearts, were, "Farewell father and mother; farewell sun and moon; welcome God and Father; welcome Lord Jesus, Moderator of the New Covenant; welcome Death, and welcome Eternal Life."

The Covenanting Church, driven from its altars, betook itself to the wilderness,—to lonely straths and distant vales, where the scream of the eagle and the thunder of the cataracts blended with the singing of the psalm and the utterance of the prayer, while armed sentinels kept watch on the neighbouring hills. At

* "I had the honour to set the crown on the king's head," he said after sentence was pronounced, "and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own."

the rippling burn infants were baptized, and at those mountain altars, youthful hearts plighted their marriage vows. "It is something," says Gilfillan, "to think of the best of a nation worshipping God for years together in the open air, the Druids of the Christian faith."* Graham, the gentle poet of "The Sabbath," thus describes those sacred scenes:

> "Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
> O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
> The upland moors, where rivers, then but brooks,
> Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
> A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
> With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
> Amid the heathery wild, that all around
> Fatigues the eye. In solitudes like these
> Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
> A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws;
> There, leaning on his spear,
> The lyart (grey-haired) veteran heard the Word of God
> By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
> In gentle stream; there rose the song, the loud
> Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
> Her plaint; the solitary place was glad;
> And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
> Caught dolefully at times the breeze-borne note.
> But years more gloomy followed, and no more
> The assembled people dared, in face of day,
> To worship God, or even at the dead
> Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,

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* The following is a contemporary description of one of these field meetings:—

"We committed ourselves to the invisible protection of the Lord of Hosts, in whose name we were met together. Our trust was in the arm of Jehovah, which was better than weapons of war, or the strength of hills. The place where we convened was a green and pleasant haugh, fast by the side of the river. Above us was the clear blue sky, for it was a sweet and calm Sabbath morning, promising to be indeed one of the days of the Son of Man. The multitude sat on the brae-face, which was crowded from top to bottom—full as pleasant a sight as ever was seen of that sort. It was indeed the Lord who prepared us a table in the wilderness, in the presence of our foes. Amidst the lonely mountains we remembered the words of our Lord, that true worship was not peculiar to Jerusalem or Samaria; that the beauty of holiness consisted not in consecrated buildings or material temples. It was pleasant, as the night fell, to hear their melody swelling in full unison along the hill, the whole congregation joining with one accord and praising God with the voice of psalms."

And thunder peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell,
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice; he by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning op'ed the sacred book,
And words of comfort spoke: over their souls
His accents soothing came, as to her young
The heath-fowl's plumes, when at the close of eve
She gathers in her mournful brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings, close nestling 'neath her breast,
They cherished cower amid the purple blooms."

Such, too, is the scene described by the graphic pen of Scott when stern-looking men with gaunt visages, and eyes burning with the glow of enthusiasm, each with his little clasped-Bible in his hand, and the old-fashioned short but true-tempered sword by his side, listened with deep emotion to a Hugh McKail painting the desolation of the Church, describing her "like Hagar, watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachel weeping for her children and refusing comfort;" and when "fierce eyes become fiercer in the darkness, and the Bibles of the hearers were clasped with greater earnestness to their bosoms, and their hands unconsciously grasped their swords," as the preacher thundered in their ears exhortations to "set up a standard in the land, and to blow a trumpet upon the mountains. Let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields."

Then with impassioned eloquence the preacher went on:— "Well is he this day that shall barter his horse for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who for carnal ends shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs reeking upon scaffolds is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints which lie whitening in the highways are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate

isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrant's high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famishing with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven on your behalf. Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let him enter into God's service and take arles at the hand of His servant—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise for ever and ever! Amen!"

Now the dark tragedy of Magus Muir stains the history of the Covenant. Balfour of Burley, the wild hero of Scott's "Old Mortality," and others met the persecuting Archbishop Sharp on the lonely muir, and cruelly dragged him from his carriage and put him to death. This crime whetted to a keener edge the sword of slaughter, and James Graham, of Claverhouse—a name of infamy forever—with his hireling butchers were let loose to wreak their wicked will upon the persecuted Church.

One Sabbath day in June, 1679, an assembly of Covenanters were gathered for worship in a lonely vale near Loudon Hill when the carbine of the sentry fired the alarm. Like a stag at bay the congregation rallied for the defence of their wives and children. Claverhouse demanded their surrender. For answer there burst forth like a trumpet peal the psalm:

> "In Judah's land God is well known,
> His name in Israel's great,"

"like the challenge of God among the everlasting hills." The dragoons charged on the peasants, but were soon mired in a morass. The Covenanters now rushed on the foe, and drove them in reckless rout from the field. Such was the affair of Drumclog—the first and the last battle ever lost by "the man of blood."

The country rose *en masse* against the persecuters, and the Covenanters entered Glasgow. The royal forces rallied and attacked with twofold numbers the army of the Covenant at

Bothwell Bridge. The former were wielded by the single will of Claverhouse, smarting under his recent defeat. The latter was divided by the controversies of eighteen wrangling ministers —logic-chopping and hair-splitting when they should as one man have opposed the foe. Like another Horatius, Hackstoun, a Covenanting hero with a handful of supporters held the bridge against an army till their ammunition failed. They were crushed back by overwhelming numbers, and the battle became a butchery. Twelve hundred men threw down their arms. They were stripped almost naked and forced to lie flat on the moor. If one raised his head he was instantly shot. Four hundred were slain, many of them unarmed peasants who had come to the camp to hear the preaching. Claverhouse swept through the surrounding country like a destroying angel. Twelve hundred prisoners were dragged to Edinburgh and huddled together for four long months in Greyfriars' Churchyard, where the Covenant had been signed, with no covering but the sky, no couch but the cold earth. Two hundred and forty-seven were shipped to the Barbadoes to be sold as slaves. Of these, two hundred were drowned in a storm off the Orkneys, the captain having battened the hatches on his wretched prisoners, lest they might escape.

Throughout Scotland a reign of terror prevailed. The Covenanters, banned like wild beasts, withdrew with their Bibles and their swords to dark glens, wild heaths, rugged mountains, and rocky caves. The preachers, stern eremites, gaunt, and haggard, proclaimed, like a new Elijah, the threatenings of God's wrath against His foes. As such live in history and tradition the names of Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick, and such has Sir Walter Scott portrayed in his marvellous creations,—Ephraim MacBriar and Habakkuk Mucklewrath.* Wild superstitions were

* We quote a passage from his "Old Mortality," the grandest of his works, we think, in which, though he exhibits prejudice against the Covenanters, he depicts, as it is depicted nowhere else, the grandeur of their heroism, the fervour of their wild eloquence. It describes the stern prophesyings of these strange Cameronian enthusiasts, in the desert assemblies of the Covenanters. The following is the sketch of Mucklewrath :

"The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-looks around his wild and staring

mingled with lofty faith. Some claimed the gift of second sight and uttered dark prophesies of the future. They believed in magic and Satanic agency. Claverhouse was in league with the arch-fiend, and lead could not harm him, nor water drown. Only to the cold steel of the Highland skean or the keen edge of the claymore was his body vulnerable; and in the violent and bloody deaths of many of their persecutors they beheld the avenging hand of God.

The moral heroism of these brave men has never been surpassed. Take the fate of Richard Cameron and David Hackstoun as examples. When Cameron was ordained, the minister who laid his hand upon his head predicted "that that head should be lost for Christ's sake, and be set up before sun and moon in the sight of the world." But the prophecy daunted not his daring. He was the most powerful of the Covenanting preachers, and his voice stirred the souls of the people like the peal of a clarion. His home was the wild muir, his bed the heather, his pillow a stone, his canopy the sky. At Airsmoss, he, with Hackstoun, and about sixty companions were attacked by the royal troops. "This is the day I have prayed for," he exclaimed with prophetic soul; "to-day I gain the crown." He fell pierced with wounds. His head and

visage. The features seemed to be attenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of a human aspect. The eye, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"'Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it—When did I hear it?—Was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide wild sea?—And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived on the bosom of the waters. I saw it—Where did I see it?—Was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked west on the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of a host?—What did I see?—Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood. What heard I?—The voice that cried, Slay, slay—smite—slay utterly—let not your eye have pity! Slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey!—Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain!"

his hands were hacked off and borne on a halbert through the high street of Edinburgh, the fingers uplifted as in prayer. "These," said Murray, as he delivered them to the officials of the Privy Council, "are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting."

With shocking barbarity they were presented to Cameron's father, in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, with the unfeeling and mocking inquiry if he knew to whom they belonged? "Oh, yes," said the poor old man, taking them and kissing them, "they are my son's, my own dear son's. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days." Behind the ghastly relics of his friend rode Hackstoun, sorely wounded and bound, face backward, on his horse. On the scaffold his arms were hewn off, his heart torn out, his body quartered and then distributed throughout the kingdom. As the saintly Peden sat on Cameron's grave he lifted his streaming eyes to heaven and pronounced his noblest eulogy in the prayer: "Oh! to be with Ritchie." "Bury me beside Ritchie," he asked on his death-bed, "that I may have rest in my grave, for I have had little in my life." But his prayer was not to be answered, for forty days after his own burial, the ruffian soldiery disinterred his body and hanged it on a gibbet.

And the Cameronian rank and file, humble pedlars and weavers, and weak women, were no less heroic than their leaders. A martyr spirit seemed to animate every frame. The story of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, has been often told but will never lose its power to touch the heart. His only crime was the worship of God according to the dictates of his conscience. Surprised by troopers he walked at their head "rather like a leader than a captive" to his own door. "To your knees," said Claverhouse, "for you must die." John prayed with such feeling that the dragoons were moved to tears. He tenderly kissed his wife and babes, and prayed, "may all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you." "No more of this," roared the brutal Claverhouse, and he ordered the dragoons to fire. Seeing them waver, he snatched a pistol, and, with his own hand, shot the good man through the brain. As he fell the brave wife caught her husband's shattered head in her lap. "What think you of your husband now?" demanded the titled ruffian. "I aye thocht muckle o' him, sir," was the brave response, "but never

sae muckle as I do this day." "I would think little to lay thee beside him," he answered. "If you were permitted, I doubt na you would," said the God-fearing woman; "but how are you to answer for this morning's work?" "To men I can be answerable, and as for God," was the blasphemous answer, "I will take Him into my own hands," and the brutal soldier struck spurs to his horse and galloped away. "Meekly and calmly," continues the record of this martyrdom, "did this heroic woman tie up her husband's head in a napkin, compose his body, and cover it with her plaid—and not till these duties were performed did she permit the pent-up current of her mighty grief to burst forth, as she sat down beside the corpse and wept bitterly."

Near Wigton, Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, and a woman of sixty-three, were bound to a stake by the sea, and were drowned by the rising tide, because they would not forswear their conscience. Their story is told in the affecting poem which accompanies this paper. "Will you pray for the King?" queried Major Balfour of three Glasgow labourers. "We will pray for all within the election of grace," was their reply. "Do you question the King's election?" he asked. "Somtimes we question our own," they answered. Such contumacy was unpardonable, and within an hour the dogs lapped their blood.

"In the years 1588 and 1685," says Gilfillan, "which were called emphatically 'the killing time,' the licensed banditti scoured the country on every side in search of fugitives." "Better the west bore nothing but windle-straws, and lava-rocks"—(dog-grass and sand-larks)—said Lauderdale, "than that it should bear rebels to the King." It was one great chase. Bloodhounds were employed to discover the retreats of the wanderers, and their deep-mouthed bay, reverberated by the echoes of the glens and gulleys, added another touch of the fearfully romantic to this unexampled persecution. "Though every hair on my head were a man," said another dying martyr; "I would die all these deaths for Christ and his cause." "Will you renounce the Covenant," demanded the soldiers of a peasant whom they found sleeping on a muir with a Bible by his side. "I would as soon renounce my baptism," he replied, and in an instant dyed the heather with his blood. In moss haggs, in hollow trees, in secret caves, in badgers' holes, in churchyards, and other haunted spots; even in burial vaults, in haystacks, in meal chests, in chim-

neys, in cellars, in garrets, in all manner of strange and loathsome places, the fugitives for conscience, from the sword or the gallows, sought shelter, and marvellous were their hairbreadth escapes from the fury of their persecutors. In hunger, and peril, and penury, and nakedness, these "true-hearted Covenanters wrestled, or prayed, or suffered, or wandered, or died." Many of Scotland's grandest or loveliest scenes are ennobled by the martyr memories of those stormy times; by the brave deaths of those heroes of the Covenant; and by their blood that stained the sod—

> "On the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay:
> Where Cameron's sword and Bible were seen,
> Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green."

Of these, none is of profounder interest than that stern and lonely rock scourged by all the surges of the sea, which, seen from Calton Hill, lies afar upon the melancholy main, the Bass Rock. In its grim dungeons, listening to the thundering of the surf upon the everlasting rock, were immured for weary years scores of Covenanting prisoners, pining for the freedom of the blue hills far away, and "envying the very birds their freedom."

One more armed attempt at resistance to oppression was made by the Covenanters. The Earl of Argyll, son of that gallant chief who five-and-thirty years before had perished on the scaffold, refused to take the new Test Oath renouncing the Covenants imposed by James II., "except as far as consistent with the Protestant faith," and was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh on charge of high treason. He made his escape in a "lacquey's livery clothes," carrying the train of his daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay. In his haste or confusion he dropped the train while passing the sentinel, but the lady, with remarkable presence of mind, flung it in his face, with a sharp reproof for his awkwardness. He mounted her carriage as footman, and so escaped. After many adventures he reached Holland, and, sailing with three ships, attempted to organize a rising in the Highlands. It was soon crushed and Argyll was made prisoner. He was led with many indignities, bound and bare headed, the hangman before and guards behind, up the High Street of Edinburgh, the scene of so many pageants of glory or of shame. In a few days he was led forth to die. It was, he said, a happier day than when he escaped from prison. He dined

cheerfully and took a peaceful sleep. Within an hour of his death he wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee and bless thee and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu!" Having ascended the scaffold he kissed the "maiden,"—the rude Scottish guillotine —and said it was the sweetest maiden that ever he had kissed. He died with his hands uplifted in prayer and the words, "Lord Jesus, receive me into Thy glory" trembling on his lips, and the "good grey head that all men knew" was soon affixed on the top of the Tolbooth Tower. To few is it given to number in their ancestry such heroic souls as the two martyr Earls of Argyll, and to the Lord of Lorne it is a nobler honour than is his knightly blood.

The arm of persecution at length grew weary. A prelatic clergy were imposed upon the people, but they were so shorn of their dignity as to provoke the contempt rather than the opposition of the people. They had no liturgy, no ceremonies, no surplices, no altar, no confession of faith, no standard of doctrine. "A more singular church," says M'Cree, "perhaps never appeared on earth —it was neither popery, prelacy, nor presbytery, but a strange jumble of the three—the king being pope; the bishops, moderators; and the dragoons of Dalziel and Claverhouse, the ruling elders." "Liberal indulgences" were granted the Presbyterians, which many accepted—the Cameronians, however, holding out to the end, choosing the refuge of the rocks and hills rather than yield in the least degree the claims of conscience. Of their sect was the last of the martyrs of the Covenant, the saintly James Renwick, "the Malachi of those later prophets." For years he lived a wandering life, preaching to the "puir hill-folk," and hiding in dens and caves of the earth. With a price upon his head, dragoons and bloodhounds scouring the country to arrest him, he experienced many wonderful escapes.* Though broken

* Many of the adventures and escapes of the hill-folk were "stranger than fiction." Thomas Brown, cousin to the martyr of Priesthill, learning that the dragoons were on his track, calmly crossed their path, and when asked "if the fanatic Brown" was at home, truly answered that *he was not*, and was permitted to pass. Another, John Maclean, hotly pursued, found a dead sheep, and putting it on his back, turned round and confronted the foe, and

in health and weary of life, at the hill-gatherings his soul flamed forth in marvellous eloquence. At length he was run to earth, and promptly condemned to death. In his last letter he writes: "I go to your God and my God. Death to me is as a bed to the weary." As he heard the drums beat for his execution, he said "'Tis the welcome warning to my marriage—the Bridegroom is coming—I am ready—I am ready." He walked to the scaffold in the Grass Market, beneath the stern old Castle—the grim witness of so many tragic scenes—as to a marriage altar. A vast multitude, among whom were many weeping friends, filled the space, but the incessant roll of drums prevented them from hearing his dying words. But those near by treasured up his latest utterances. As he mounted the scaffold, he sang those words which have comforted the dying hour of so many of God's saints:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want."

As he prayed his face was "like the face of an angel." It was a cloudy day in winter, and he said, "I shall soon be above those clouds; then I shall enjoy Thee and glorify Thee, without inter-

sent them off on a false scent. John Ferguson, chased to the brink of a deep dark pool, threw his bonnet and hay rake into the stream, and plunged into the water beneath a willow thicket. Donald Cargill, fleeing from the hunters of blood, leaped the burn of Erecht, near Blair Gowrie, one never leaped before or since. When reminded of his "good loup," he replied, "Ay, but I took a long run to it—I ran a' the way frae Perth,"—fifteen miles. Sometimes appearing like ghosts from the mists, the hill-men rescued from the awe-stricken soldiers their prisoners, and set them free. No less heroic were the brave wives of these brave men. Often at midnight they stole to the secret haunt, in which the hunted men lay hid, with food and comfort. Often at the risk of their lives, like Scott's Bessie Maclure, they warned the fugitives of the foe lying in wait, or gave shelter and succour to haggard wayfarers, pursued by the savage bloodhounds or still more savage men. When tortured to reveal the place of hiding of the oppressed they steadfastly refused, and "when led out, as was often the case, to die beside them, they took it right joyfully." Often, like Mause Headrigg, they were "more doure and daring than even the men." Doubtless the stern experiences of those stormy days and the heroic traditions and martyr memories recounted by aged lips to young and eager ears by the ingle nook have contributed to give to Scottish character that moral earnestness and strength of moral fibre which is marked throughout the world. Such traditions and memories are the grandest legacy a nation can inherit—an undying inspiration to courage, to duty, to faith in the Unseen—to fidelity to truth and to the God of truth.

ruption and without intermission, forever." Then with the last words: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth," he ended his brief but glorious career. He was just twenty-six years of age.

For twenty-eight years the flail of persecution had scourged the land. Nearly twenty thousand, it is estimated, had perished by fire, or sword, or water, or the scaffold, or had been banished from the realm, and many, many more had perished of cold and hunger in the moss hags and morrasses. The fines imposed in eleven counties amounted to £180,000 — an enormous sum in that day for a poor and soldier-harried country like Scotland.

Then came the glorious Revolution of 1688, the flight of James II., the accession of William III., and the proclamation of liberty to worship God throughout the land. Presbytery was restored, Episcopacy abolished, and Scotland's reign of terror was over. Claverhouse, now the Earl of Dundee, gathered his bloodstained and blaspheming dragoons to resist the new government. In the wild pass of Killie Crankie he met the royal troops and charged with reckless impetuosity. In mid career he reeled from his saddle, shot by an unknown hand. With him fell the Jacobite cause, and the arch-persecutor of Scotland left a name of execration and infamy forever—

> "A name at which the world grew pale
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

A TROOP of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from the sabres bared
That flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly step
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
Out of the prison. One was weak and old—
A woman full of years and full of woes—
The other was a maiden in her morn;
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bonds of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on, and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades :
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn ;
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks.
They went to prison, and they went to death
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
The troopers halted ; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening ; for the tide had drawn
Back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a sand-breadth. " It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men,
As they slackened rein—the leaders of the troop
Dismounting, and the people pressing near
To hear the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.
And both refused the oath ; " Because," they said,
" Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with Him."

On this they took
The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave ; and left her there,
As the waves crept about her feet, in prayer
That He would firm uphold her in their midst.
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand.

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the Provost, and the Laird of Lag—
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham ;
And the rude soldiers jested, with rude oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed,—said she would turn
Before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves. And ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace :
" If God be for us, who can be against ! "

"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
"Nor height, nor depth——"

A voice cried from the crowd—
A woman's voice, a very bitter cry—
"O Margaret! my bonnie Margaret!
Gie in, gie in, and dinna break my heart;
Gie in and take the oath."

The tide flowed in;
And so wore on the sunny afternoon;
And every fire went out upon the hearth;
And not a meal was tasted in the town
That day.

And still the tide was flowing in;
Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ears,
They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
Where something white was floating—something white
As the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;
But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared. And round the shoreward stake
The tide stood ankle-deep

Then Grierson,
With cursing, vowed that he would wait no more;
And to the stake the soldiers led her down,
And tied her hands; and round her slender waist
Too roughly cast the rope, for Windram came
And eased it, while he whispered in her ear:
"Come, take the test." And one cried, "Margaret,
Say but 'God save the king.'" "God save the king
Of His great grace," she answered; but the oath
She would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knee,
She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul."
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang;
And the tide flowed, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sea—
A flood of glory—and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE MIDNIGHT PLOT.

THE scene of our story is now transferred to the Palace of the Emperor Galerius, one of the most sumptuous of the group of marble buildings which crowned the Palatine Hill. It is the hour of midnight; and in one of the most private chambers of the palace a secret conspiracy is in progress, which has for its object the destruction of the Christians—especially of those high in rank and influence. The lamps in the *aula* and vestibule burned dimly, and, in iron sockets along the outside of the palace walls, flared and smoked torches made of tow covered with a coating of clay or plaster.*

Fausta, the mother of Galerius, and Furca, the high-priest of Cybele, were already conferring upon their secret plot. With them was Black Juba, who had just returned from gathering, at "the witching hour of night," upon the unhallowed ground set apart for the burning of the dead, certain baleful plants—wolf's bane, bitter briony, and aconite—which she used in wicked spells and incantations. In her native Nubia she had an evil reputation as a sorceress, and in Rome she still carried on by stealth her nefarious art. It was hinted, indeed, in the palace, that by her subtle, deadly potions she fulfilled her own prophecies of ill against the objects of the hatred of her employers.

"'Tis certain," hissed through her teeth the spiteful old Fausta, while murder gleamed from her sloe-black eyes, "that Galerius will not include in the Imperial rescript that painted doll, Valeria. She exerts unbounded fascination over him. It must be the spell of her false religion."

"The spell of her beauty and grace, rather," answered Furca, with a grin.

"What! Are you duped by her wiles, too?" asked Fausta, with bitterness.

* Such torch-holders may still be seen on the walls of the Palazzo Strozzi and in Florence and elsewhere. Torches of the sort we have described were purchased by the writer at Pozzuoli, near Naples.

"No; I hate her all the more," said the priest; "but I cannot close my eyes to what every one sees."

"It is something that I, at least, do not see," muttered the withered crone, whose own harsh features seemed the very incarnation of hatred and cruelty. "If we cannot get rid of her under the decree," she went on, "we can, at least, in a surer but more perilous way. Cunning Juba, here, has access to her person; and by her skilled decoctions can make her beauty waste, and her life flicker to extinction, like a lamp unreplenished with oil."

"Yes, Juba has learned, in the old land of the Nile, some of the dark secrets of Egypt," whispered, with bated breath, the dusky African. "But it is very perilous to use them. The palace is full of suspicion; and that new favourite, Callirhoë, —how I hate her!—keeps watch over her mistress like the wild gazelle of the desert over its mate. It will take much gold to pay for the risk."

"Gold thou shalt have to thy heart's content, if thou do but rid me of that cockatrice, who has usurped my place in my son's affections," hissed the wicked woman, who still felt a fierce, tiger-like love for the soldier-son whom she had trained up like a tiger cub. And Juba retired, to await further orders.

"But if she die thus," said Furca, with a malignant gleam in his eyes, "she dies alone. What we want is to have her drag others down with her—her mother, Prisca; that haughty Adauctus, who holds himself so high, and the rest of the accursed Christian brood."

"Yes, that is what we want, if it can be done," said Fausta; "but I fear it is impossible. You do not know how headstrong Galerius is in his own way; and the more he is opposed, the fiercer he is."

"Here comes Naso," said the arch priest. "He hates the Christians, if he does not love the gods. We will hear his counsel."

"Welcome, good Naso," exclaimed Fausta, as the Prefect of the city was ushered into the room. "We need your advice in the matter of this edict against the Christians: how we may use it as a net to snare the higher game of the palace and the Imperial household."

"We must be wary as the weasel, sleepless as the basilisk, deadly as the aspic," said Naso, sententiously.

"Just what I have been saying," remarked Furca.

"Methinks we must employ the aspic's secret sting, rather than the public edict."

"I declare for the edict," exclaimed with energy the truculent Naso. "Let its thunders smite the loftiest as well as the lowly. It will carry greater terror, and make the ruin of the Christian party more complete. What is the use of lopping off the twigs, when the trunk and main branches are unscathed? I possess proof that will doom Adauctus, the senator Aurelius, and others who stand higher still. The Christians to the lions—every one, say I."

"And so say I," ejaculated Furca, with malicious fervour; "but her Excellency thinks that Galerius will interpose to protect one who stands near the throne, though she be the chief encouragement of the Christian vermin that crawl at her feet."

"Madam, he dare not," exclaimed Naso, with his characteristic gesture of clenching his hand as if grasping his sword. "His own crown would stand in peril if beneath its shadow he would protect traitors to the State and enemies of the gods, however high their station."

"As head of the State," interjected the priest, "he is the champion of the gods, and bound to avenge their insulted majesty."

"You know not what he would dare," replied Fausta. "He would defy both gods and men, if he took the whim."

"An accusation will be made before me," said Naso, "which not even the Emperors can overlook, against the Imperial Consort, Valeria, for intriguing with the Christians and bringing their priests to Rome, and conniving at their crimes against the State. We will see whether the majesty of the Empire or the beauty of a painted butterfly weighs the heavier in the scales."

"I will second in private what your accusation demands in public," said the implacable Fausta. "Methinks I could die content if I might only trample that minion under my feet."

"And I," said Furca, "will menace him with the wrath of the gods if he refuse to avenge their wrongs."

"Between us all," added Naso, "it will go hard if we do not crush the Christian vermin, even beneath the shadow of the throne."

CHAPTER XIX.—IN THE TOILS OF THE TEMPTER.

In his statement as to the accusation of the Empress before his tribunal, Naso, after his manner, took counsel of his truculent desires rather than of his cool reason. He had learned from his scapegrace son, Calphurnius, that Isidorus had returned to town from executing a commission for the Empress, the general purpose of which that hopeful youth had extorted from the drunken maunderings of the inconstant and unhappy Greek. Naso took it for granted, from his previous acquaintance with human nature of the baser sort, that Isidorus was trying to serve two masters, and that while acting as the agent of Valeria he would be willing to betray her secrets. Unaware of his vacillation of character and of his transient impulses toward Christianity, he further believed that the supple Greek, in accordance with his compact, would act as public accuser of the Christians. He had impressed upon Calphurnius, who was very prompt to learn the lesson, that it was of the utmost importance to bring the Greek under his personal influence and control, and especially to induce him to come again to the tribunal of the Prefect in the Forum.

"We must keep our thumb on him. We can use him to our advantage," said the Prefect to his son.

"I think I have him under a screw that will extort from him whatever you wish," replied the hopeful youth. "He owes me money, and he shall pay good interest on the loan. He is not the material of which heroes are made, like that young Christian who suffered martyrdom, as they call it, a few weeks ago."

"Well, give your screw another turn," said Naso with a hideous chuckle. "That's the way I do when I have them on the rack. Keep him in debt. Lure him on. Make him lose money at dice and lend him more. We will wring his heart-strings by-and-bye. If we can only secure the death of Adauctus and some of his wealthy friends, their fair estates will help to line our purses, for the Emperors cannot leave such a zealous servant as the Prefect Naso unrewarded," and this well matched pair—the offspring of the corruption and cruelty of the Empire—parted, each intent on his purposes of evil.

The young scapegrace, Calphurnius—young in years, but old in vice—followed only too successfully this Satanic advice. He

attached himself closely to Isidorus and became his very shadow —his other self. He lured him on to ostentatious extravagance of expenditure, often allowing him to win large sums at dice to replenish his depleted purse, and again winning from him every sesterce, and binding the Greek's fortunes more firmly to his own by lending him large sums, yet demanding usurious interest. The easy, pleasure-loving nature of Isidorus, intent on enjoying the passing hour and shrinking from suffering of body or anxiety of mind, made this *descensus Averni* all the more facile. He was thus led to forget all his good resolutions and noble purposes, and to plunge into the fashionable follies of the most corrupt society in the world. From the maundering remarks which fell from his lips in his fits of drunkenness, for he rapidly lapsed into this baneful vice, Calphurnius constructed a monstrous story of treachery which he used to create an utter rupture between the Greek and the Christians, alleging that he had too irreparably betrayed them to be ever forgiven, and that the only way of escaping the doom which menaced them was to throw himself into the arms of the party in power. It was with feelings of horror that in his rare moments of sober reflection Isidorus realized how fast and how far he had drifted from the thoughts, and feelings, and purposes of the hour when he knelt, in the Catacomb of Callixtus, at the feet of the good presbyter Primitius; or since he returned from Milan the restorer to the fair Calirrhoë of her sire; or even since, a few days before, he had conversed with Adauctus and beheld with admiration his serenity of spirit under the shadow of persecution and death.

Calphurnius exhausted every art to wring from his lips a legal accusation of the Christians, for even the ruthless persecutors wished to observe some forms of law in the destruction of their destined victims.

"You have already betrayed them beyond reparation," he said, "and you may as well obtain the reward. You have told all about your employment by Adauctus in a treasonable mission to the Christian sectaries at Ravenna and Milan. You have been present at their assemblies at the Villa Marcella and in the Catacombs. A short hand notary* has taken down every word you said, and it shall be used against you unless you turn

* These tachugraphoi were in common employment in the courts, and the sermons of Chrysostom were also reported by their skill.

evidence for the State, and save yourself by bringing its enemies to justice."

"Wretch!" cried the exasperated Greek. "Cease to torment me! 'Tis you who have tempted me to this perfidy, and now you seek to goad me to perdition. The Christians are no traitors to the State, and you know it."

"The edict of the Emperors declares that they are," said Calphurnius, with a sneer, "perhaps you can persuade their Divine Majesties that they are mistaken."

"What would you? What further infamy would you have me commit?" exclaimed the tortured Isidorus.

"Only declare before the Prefect what you have already divulged to me. By refusing you only imperil yourself," replied his tormentor.

"I consent," moaned the craven-hearted Greek, and he went on with a shudder, "I am double-dyed in infamy already. I can acquire no deeper stain."

"'Tut, man! don't be a fool! Rome can pay her servants well. You will soon be well rewarded," and like an incarnate Diabolus, the accuser of the brethren proceeded to earn, as another Judas, the wages of iniquity by betraying innocent blood.

CHAP. XX.—THE PLOT THICKENS.

Isidorus reluctantly accompanied Calphurnius to the tribunal of the Prefect; and there, partly through intimidation, partly through cajolery, he gave such information as to his expedition to Ravenna and Milan as the Prefect chose to ask. This was tortured, by that unscrupulous officer, into an accusation against the Empress Valeria of conspiracy with the Chancellor, Adauctus, and others of the Christian sect, against the worship of the gods of Rome, and so, constructively, of treason against the State. This indictment—*accusatio*, as it was technically called—was duly formulated, and attested under the seal of the Prefect's Court. Naso, the Prefect, and Furca, the priest, found a congenial task in submitting the document to the Emperor Galerius, and asking his authority to proceed against the accused. They visited the palace at an hour when it had been arranged that the Emperor's evil genius, the cruel Fausta, should be with him, to exert her malign influence in procuring

the downfall of the object of her malice—the Empress Valeria —and the destruction of the Christian sect.

"The insulted gods appeal to your Divine Majesty for protection, and for the punishment of the atheists who despise their worship and defy their power," began the high-priest of Cybele, seeking to work upon the superstition of the Illyrian herdsman, raised to the Imperial purple.

"Well, my worthy friend," replied the Emperor in a bantering tone, "what is the matter now. Has any one been poaching on your preserves?"

"This is not a matter of private concern, Your Majesty," remarked the Prefect gravely. "It touches the welfare of the State and the stability of your throne."

"Yes, and your personal and domestic honour, too," whispered Fausta in his ear.

"It must be something pretty comprehensive to do all that. Come, out with it at once," laughed the Emperor.

Thus adjured, Furca began to recount the insults offered to the gods by the Christians, and, especially, that the Empress no longer attended their public festivals.

"Oh yes, I understand," said the Emperor, with a yawn, "your craft is in danger. The offerings at your altars are falling off; and we all know where *they* went. The gods are all alike to me; I believe in none of them."

"But they are necessary, to keep the mob in subjection," said Naso. "Some are amused with their pageants, and others are awed by menaces of their wrath."

"Yes, I grant you, they are of some use for that; and that is all they are good for," replied this ancient Agnostic.

"But the Christians are traitors to the State," continued the Prefect; "rank sedition-mongers. They are secretly sworn to serve another Lord than the Cæsars, and they are ceaselessly striving to undermine your Imperial Majesty's authority."

"You do well," continued the cruel Galerius, a fire of deadly hate burning in his eyes, "to exterminate that accursed vermin, wherever found. Burn, crucify, torture, as you will."

"And the estates of the rebels, they escheat to the temples of the insulted gods?" asked the priest, with hungry eyes.

"Nay, to the State, I think," laughed the Emperor. "Is it not so, good Naso?"

"Half to the State and half to the *delator*, or accuser," answered that worthy, learned in the law of pillage.

"Let not the wolves fall out about the prey," said the Emperor, with a sneer; "only make sure work."

"Be so good then, Your Majesty, as to affix your seal to these decrees of death. With such high officers as Adauctus and Aurelius my authority as Prefect is not sufficient."

"And the Empress Valeria; she, too, as traitor to your person and crown, is included in the decree," insinuated, in a wheedling tone, the crafty priest.

"Base hound," roared the Emperor, laying his hand upon his sword; "breathe but the name of the Empress again, and I will pluck thy vile tongue from thy throat."

"Nay, Your Majesty," said the crafty Fausta, while the abject priest cowered like a whipped cur; "'tis but his excess of zeal for Your Majesty's honour, which I fear the Empress betrays."

"Madam," said Galerius, sternly, "I am the guardian of my own honour. What the Christians are, I neither know nor care. What the Empress is, I know—the noblest soul that breathes in Rome. Who wags his tongue against her shall be given to the crows and kites. *Dixi. Fiat*—I have spoken—so let it be," and his terrible frown, as he stalked from the room, showed that he meant what he said.

The three conspirators, for a moment, stared at each other in consternation. Then the wily Fausta faltered out, "Said I not, he would defy both gods and men? We must do by stealth what we cannot do by force. Juba must ply her most secret and most deadly arts. I have certain subtle spells myself; and if mortal hate can give them power, I will make her beauty waste away like a fading flower, and her strength wane like a dying lamp."

"'Tis a dangerous game," replied Naso. "Be wary how you play it. As for me, armed with this edict, I will strike at mine ancient foe, for whom I long have nursed a bitter spite. Curse him! I am tired of hearing him called Adauctus the Just. He held me to such a strict account that I had to make a full return of all the fines and mulcts paid in, without taking the toll which is my right." And he departed to gratify his double passion of revenge and greed.

It may seem strange that such a truculent monster as Galerius,

of whom, in his later days, his Christian subjects were wont to say that "he never supped without human blood—*Nec unquam sine cruore humano cœnabat*"*—should be so under the spell of his Christian wife. But the statement is corroborated by the records of history, and by the philosophy of the human mind. There is a power in moral goodness that can awe the rudest natures, a winsome spell that can subdue the hardest hearts. It was the story of Una and the Lion, of Beauty and the Beast over again; and one of the severest trials for a Christian wife in those days of the struggle between Christianity and Paganism for the mastery of the world, was that of being allied to a pagan husband. Tertullian, in the third century, thus describes the difficulties which a Christian woman married to an idolater must encounter in her religious life:

"At the time for worship the husband will appoint the use of the bath; when a fast is to be observed he will invite company to a feast. When she would bestow alms, both safe and cellar are closed against her. What heathen will suffer his wife to attend the nightly meetings of the Church, the slandered Supper of the Lord, to visit the sick even in the poorest hovels, to kiss the martyrs' chains in prison, to rise in the night for prayer, to show hospitality to stranger brethren?"†

In time of persecution, or in the case of persons of such exalted rank as that of Valeria, the difficulty of adorning a Christian life, amid their pagan surroundings, was all the greater. Yet not a word of scandal has been breathed upon the character of the wife of the arch persecutor of the Christians; and even the sneering pen of Gibbon has only words of commendation for the Christian Empress who herself under subsequent persecution, remained steadfast even unto death.

The beauty and dignity of Christian wedlock in an age of persecution and strife are nobly expressed by Tertullian in the following passage, addressed to his own wife: "How can I paint the happiness," he exclaims, "of a marriage which the Church ratifies, the Sacrament confirms, the benediction seals, angels announce, and our heavenly Father declares valid! What a union of two believers—one hope, one vow, one discipline, one worship! They are brother and sister, two fellow-servants, one

* Lactantius, *De Mortibus Persecutorum.*

† Tertull, *Ad Uxorem*, ii. 8.

spirit and one flesh. They pray together, fast together, exhort and support one another. They go together to the house of God, and to the table of the Lord. They share each other's trials, persecutions, and joys. Neither avoids, nor hides anything from the other. They delight to visit the sick, succour the needy, and daily to lay their offerings before the altar without scruple, and without constraint. They do not need to keep the sign of the cross hidden, nor to express secretly their Christian joy, nor to receive by stealth the eucharist. They join in psalms and hymns, and strive who best can praise God. Christ rejoices at the sight, and sends His peace upon them. Where two are in His name He also is; and where He is, there evil cannot come."*

MADHOUSES AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE.

BY ELLICE HOPKINS.

Of all the many dark chapters in the history of mankind, we doubt whether the treatment of the insane in all ages, up to within a little more than half a century of the present time, is not the darkest. It is one which it is impossible to study without arising from it emphatically a wiser and a sadder man—sadder as being forced to realize what the human heart is capable of, not in moments of frenzied passion, or exceptional excitement, but in the cold blood of thoughtlessness, ignorance and careless selfishness; wiser, as grasping the infinite progress which lies before the human race.

Nothing, perhaps, has so appealed to human compassion in every age as sickness, in all its varied forms; the sight of the undecaying mind almost overwhelmed in the ruins of its own temple, the strong activity we have known all turned to the touching weakness and dependence of a little child, the hourly helpless wants that stretch dumb, appealing hands to our love and sympathy. Yet in many a ruined temple of the body the sweetest worship has been held; there the broken gleams of dying day often fall tenderest, and the gloom breaks into mystic

* *Ad Uxorem*, ii. 8.

glory; there as from haunted ruins, strange midnight strains are often heard, turning the common air into celestial harmonics.

But of that one sickness and decay which spreads from the house to the mysterious inhabitant, and, leaving the ignobler prey of the body, attacks the divinity within the shrine, and destroys the mind, while often giving a strange vitality to the body? Even the consolations of religion seem often vain; here no prayer rises up spontaneously in the darkened mind, "like fountains of sweet water in the sea," to alleviate the bitterness of the heart; no thoughts of the infinite life beyond to make the life-long anguish grow short as shadows at noonday. Often the light is known only by the distorted shadows it casts, indescribable shapes of supernatural terror. And love itself, the great assuager of all sorrow, is but too often the lunatic's worst torment, turned as his heart generally is, against his nearest and dearest, hearing their voices like some wretch—

> Who wounded, hears cold waters babbling by,
> Yet cannot crawl and drink, but parched moans;
> While as he lies,
> That cool voice maddening mocks the agony
> And fevered cries.

For the insane, all the wells of life are poisoned, and he seems outcast from consolation, both human and divine.

Surely, then, in this form of deepest misery, in all the pathetic grandeur of its fall from the excellence of manhood, we have a condition of humanity which man in all ages has agreed to compassionate, and to surround with loving ministrations, so far as tender touch, and soothing word, and cheerful sight, can win their way through the closed doors and darkened windows! Alas! that nothing should be more certain than that the treatment these afflicted children of the great Father have received from the time of the earliest physicians whose work we possess on the subject, down to about eighty years from the present time, or for about two thousand five hundred years, can only be qualified by one word, *barbarous.*

Up to the middle of the last century, and in many countries much later, harmless maniacs, or those supposed to be so, were allowed to wander over the country, beggars and vagabonds, affording sport and mockery. If they became troublesome they

were imprisoned in dungeons, and whipped, as the phrase ran, out of their madness, at all events subdued, and then secluded in darkness in the heat of summer and in the cold and dampness of winter, often forgotten, and sometimes starved to death, always half-famished.

On the Continent up to the French Revolution, the monk was generally the madman's physician, and the monastery was his asylum. It is not to be doubted that in some cases he was humanely treated, but there is abundant evidence to show that the ordinary treatment was to the last degree cruel and inhuman. Whether by the monks the insane were regarded as the subject of demoniacal possession, and the idea was entertained of beating the evil spirit out of them, we will not determine, but whatever was the theory of the *modus operandi* the fact is indubitable, that in some establishments at least the practice existed of the daily administration of about a dozen lashes to the unfortunate patient. He was almost constantly chained, often in a state of complete nudity, the straw in which he grovelled for warmth rarely changed; he was, therefore, filthy in the extreme. As a greater security against his violence he was often closed in an iron cage; the returning seasons found him "crouching like a wild beast, in his wire-bound cell," his limbs cramped and stiffened into one position, and whatever of mind and feeling was left to him crushed to the lowest pitch by changeless monotony, or maddened by intolerable despair.

But even whips, and chains, and cages, were not ingenious enough to satisfy the cruelty of man. Chairs were invented which pinioned all the patient's limbs as in an iron vice, depriving him of all power of motion; others were made so as to whirl round with furious speed, quieting the most unruly by means of extreme vertigo and sickness. A German writer recommended that the lunatic should be swung up to the top of a tower, and then be let suddenly to plunge down, so to give him the impression of entering the lowest parts of the earth; naively adding, "that if he could be made to alight among the snakes and serpents, it would be still better." The "bath of surprise," too, was a favourite resource, the flooring being so contrived as to give way and precipitate the unfortunate lunatic into a tank, from which he was not removed till half drowned. "Indeed," as Dr. D. Hack Tuke observes, "only to enumerate the means employed to tame

the fury of the maniac, whether on the Continent or in England, would subject the historian to the charge of gross exaggeration from a stranger to the actual history of insanity at this period;" and this eighteen hundred years after the Healer of men had taught after His own example the compassionate treatment of the insane, and braved the storm on the Galilean lake, to seek out the wretched lunatic among the tombs, and bring calm to the storms of the distempered mind.

It was when things were in this apparently hopeless state that three enlightened and humane men were appointed to the administration of the hospitals of Paris. These were Cousin, Thouret, and Cabanis. More happily still, all the three were friends of the physician Pinel, a physician whose name has become immortal. All three were of opinion that he was the only man in Paris, or even in France, who could remedy the evils which they deplored. They appointed him physician to the Bicêtre. He entered on his great field of work towards the end of 1793.

And what a field it was! Dr. Pariset, in his *éloge* on Pinel, paints its character in dark but faithful colours. The insane, the the vicious, the criminal were mingled together and treated alike. Wretched beings covered with filth and loaded with chains, were seen crouched down in the damp, dark cells, to which God's great charities of light and air were denied. The attendants on these unhappy ones were malefactors, selected from the prisons, armed with whips, and often accompanied by savage dogs. No chapel bell assembled the inmates for prayer, or suspended the fierce and dreadful thoughts of the dungeon. No "kindly face did good like a medicine," but night and day the building resounded with cries, yells, and curses, and the clanking of chains and fetters.

It was into this "hell above ground" that Pinel resolved to bring order, comfort, and the power of love and kindness.

He immediately began his undertaking. There were about fifty whom he considered might, without danger to others, be unchained, and he began by relieving twelve, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of *camisoles* with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back if necessary.

The first man on whom the experiment was tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains

forty years. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them; his keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of blind fury killed one of them with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and said to him, calmly, "Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty, if you will promise to behave well, and injure no one."

"Sir, I promise you," said the maniac; "but you are laughing at me, you are all too much afraid of me."

"I have six men," Pinel answered, "ready to enforce my commands if necessary. Believe me, then, on my honour, I will give you your liberty if you will only put on this waistcoat."

He submitted to this willingly, and without a word his chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door of his cell open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell again on it, for he had been in a sitting posture so long that he had lost the use of his legs; in a quarter of an hour he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps he came to the door of his cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases, and uttering exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord into his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to have had been prepared for him, and he slept quietly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicêtre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion.

In the course of a few days, Pinel unfettered fifty-three maniacs in the Bicêtre; among them were men of all conditions and countries. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the discipline was marked by a regularity and kindness which had a most favourable effect on the insane, rendering even the most furious more tractable.

Pinel's noble example was followed by many other distinguished physicians.

A few months prior to Pinel's great reform in France, the same movement was taking place in England, in a more unobtrusive form. It is not so generally known as it ought to be that it is to

the Quakers that England owes this immense debt of gratitude, to those gentle worshippers of light and silence—a silence in which they have ever heard the voice of God speaking to them in every form of human misery, an inner light which seems invariably to guide them to successful methods in dealing with it.

Among all the bad English asylums, the York Asylum possessed the unenviable pre-eminence. The patients slept three in a bed; the light in some of the ground-floor rooms was obstructed by pigstys, which added to the general foulness of the air. Small airing-courts, into one of which one hundred lunatics were crowded without any supervision, so that it was discovered that several patients had been killed by their companions; dark cells into which the more violent were thrust, often in a state of complete nudity, sometimes for a week at a time, no provision being made for ordinary cleanliness; food which was described as cold meat for the middle class, and offal and trash for the lower; flogging and cudgelling sytematically resorted to, and downright murder not an unfrequent occurrence: such were some of the features of an asylum established in 1777, by general subscription, for the decent maintenance and relief of such insane persons as were in reduced circumstances.

The secrecy which formed part of its vicious system kept suspicion from being aroused till 1790, when some members of the Society of Friends sent one of their family, a lady, for care to the York Asylum. Its rules forbade her friends to see her; she died; something wrong was suspected, and from that day, the Society of Friends, acting as always in conformity with Christian precepts, and never hesitating to face a right work because of its difficulty, determined to found an institution in which there should be no secrecy. William Tuke was the great founder of the new asylum, and from the first he and his friends pursued in their asylum the principles which are now universally adopted. This was the more remarkable as the founder was not a medical man, with the advantage of modern pathological knowledge to guide him in breaking through the received treatment of the insane for two thousand years, but was simply guided by humanity and Christian principles, combined with strong com-

mon sense. For thirty years he devoted himself to this good work.

The new asylum was set in extensive grounds; it was made to look as much like a rural mansion as possible, instead of a gloomy prison; the apertures, guarded by strong bars and shutters, which did duty for windows in the old asylum, were discarded, and glazed windows with iron sashes substituted; the rooms were furnished with neatness and care; and in order to imbue the patient's mind with the idea that he had come to a temporary home, the name of "the Retreat" was suggested, and was then first used. Healthful employment was resorted to—straw and basket work, as well as needle-work, for the women, and outdoor cultivation of land for the men, which was found to have a marked beneficent influence; and simple amusements and friendly tea-parties were introduced. No cagelike dens were there in which to incarcerate the maniac from all human sympathy and the light and air of heaven; no whips, chains, and fetters. Yet the venerable founder, we are told, could go his way through the wards of the asylum, not only without fear of injury, but greeted by many a warm handshake, and by eyes glistening with grateful emotion, and kindling into intelligence.

It was impossible that so remarkable an experiment should be going on without gradually attracting the curiosity of medical men and philanthropists; and the numerous enquiries made led at last, in 1813, to the publication of an account of the institution, by Samuel Tuke, the grandson of the founder, which was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* by Sydney Smith, whose racy wit so often served the cause of philanthropy. "If it be true," as the author of this able article remarks, "that oppression often makes a *wise* man *mad*, is it to be supposed that stripes, insults, and injuries, for which the receiver knows no cause, are calculated to make a *madman wise*, or would they not rather exasperate his disease, and excite his resentment? May we not most clearly perceive why furious mania is almost a stranger to the 'Retreat?'—why all the patients wear clothes, and are generally induced to adopt orderly habits?"

It was not, however, till 1837 that the important experiment of the total abolition of mechanical restraint was tried, which proved a still further advance in the treatment of the insane. The experiment was first tried at the Lincoln Asylum, under

Dr. Charlesworth and the house-surgeon, Mr. Gardiner Hill. The indignity of the coercion-chair and the strait-waistcoat, and the unseemly struggle to enforce their use, was found so irritating to the excited brain, and productive of such angry dislike and revengeful feeling in the patient's mind, as fatally to militate against moral treatment; and the immediate saving of trouble by the use of such instruments of control, was so likely to be abused in the long run by careless attendants, that they were discontinued. A "padded room" was often used. The walls are padded half-way up with coir; the floor itself is a bed, on which additional pillows and rugs are spread for the patient to lie down; the window is carefully guarded with a wire network, letting in light and air, while ensuring safety. The perfect quiet and subdued light in themselves often come like healing balm to the poor excited brain, and the patient frequently falls into sound sleep, his state being carefully watched through the inspecting-plate. Four or five hours sometimes are found sufficient to subdue a paroxysm of acute mania. In some asylums, however, at the present day, it is rarely or never resorted to.

When Colonel Clitheroe and other benevolent persons on the Middlesex magistracy made their preliminary inquiries into the actual condition of the pauper lunatics of that county, which led to the erection of Hanwell, it was found that in the places in which they were kept, several were chained to the walls in dirty and offensive rooms. Once a month a medical visit was accorded them, and in the interval they were left to the mercy of their keepers. Before dusk, at the close of each dismal day, the patients were carefully chained in cribs, the long corridors echoing with yells and curses of helpless fury all the night. On Sunday, a day of holiday to the keepers, the patients were left chained in their cribs all day. Their toilet, except on Sunday, when there was none, was performed by means of a tub in the yard, with the aid of a mop. The extravagance of soap was not permitted, and for one hundred and seventy patients one towel was considered sufficient. The economy of the plan was manifest; and the mortality resulting from it, though considerable, was not considered. The condition of one man in Bethlehem, a celebrated madhouse, whence comes the word bedlam, where the patients were exposed to public view for money, has been immortalized in a work of Esquirol, which contains a

plate drawn from life. This patient's name was Norris. He had been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment from his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through the wall, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he liked. To prevent this sort of outrage, poor Norris muffled the chain with straw, but the savage inclinations of the keeper were either checked by no superintending eye, or the officers of the asylum partook of his cruelty and his fears, for a new and refined torture for the patient was invented, in the shape of an ingenious apparatus of iron. A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted in the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect of this apparatus was that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall, but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not lie down except upon his back. And in this thraldom he had lived for *twelve years.* During much of this time his conversation had been rational. At length release came, but he only lived one year to enjoy it.

When the Hanwell Asylum was finished, presenting a handsome building surrounded by extensive grounds, and a farm on which the patients could be employed, it was a source of admiration and wonder. Yet the fine new building might, in its practical working, have been "only the old Adam dressed up in new clothes." Such was not the case. The instruments of coercion discarded by Dr. Conolly, of one kind and another, amounted to *six hundred,* half of which were leg-locks and handcuffs; for these instruments of restraint the good doctor substituted the padded room for the violent, for mischievous patients clothes of a material that could not be torn, fastened on with a small padlock; for epileptic patients, instead of the old miserable chaining to the bed in one constrained attitude, a well-padded floor on either side, making a possible fall harmless; and for all alike patience, kindness, moral suasion, and sympathy. He insti-

tuted regular occupations; a school for the younger patients, recreation of all kinds, and even occasional social gatherings, in which the officials and the patients met happily together, and a band, composed of the more musical patients, performed. And lastly, not least, religious services were made regular by the appointment of a chaplain. The Sunday services, no longer interrupted by patients made irritable by mechanical restraint, were conducted with decent decorum; sacred singing was cultivated, and these afflicted ones encouraged, with what broken lights of reason remained to them, to look up to the great Father of us all.

The success of the good doctor's method exceeded even his expectations; the wards ceased to resound at night with groans and curses from chained and struggling patients; order, content, and industry reigned among his one thousand and eight insane subjects; cures were far more quickly effected in the absence of any external aggravation of the irritability of the brain; and Dr. Conolly's vast experience, extending over a period of upwards of thirteen years, enabled him to enforce the principle that there is no properly managed asylum in the world in which mechanical restraint may not be abolished, not only with safety, but incalculable advantage.

Even in the frequent cases which came under Dr. Conolly, of men and women reduced to insanity after a long career of vice, and mad indulgence of their passions, he found the effects of quiet treatment and inexhaustible patience were generally seen at last. Profligate, intemperate, violent, regardless of domestic ties, their children abandoned to all the evils of poverty, themselves by degrees given up to utter recklessness, the trouble occasioned by patients such as these was indescribable. All violent methods produced greater obstinacy, greater determination to give trouble and do mischief, and commit all kinds of outrage. It was not till such patients, in whatever mood of mind, found themselves treated month after month, and even year after year, with invariable temper and patience, their outbreaks met with sorrow and not with anger, their attempts at self-control noticed and encouraged with hopeful words, that even these became generally quiet, decorous in manner and language, attentive to their dress, disposed to useful activity, and able to preserve their good behaviour in the chapel.

Indeed, the marvellous results recorded by Dr. Conolly, as obtained from the most disordered and refractory material by the use of moral means alone (for experienced physicians are agreed that in addition to the direct medical treatment of the brain, and often when this fails, moral means are of the utmost importance) irresistibly lead up to the question whether, by the use of the same means outside the asylum, insanity might not often be preventible as well as curable. "Very little consideration," writes Dr. Conolly, "is required to show that in the management of children of tender years, early customs prevail which tend to irritate the growing brain; and let us remember that it is the tendency of all long-continued irritation to produce structural change, in other words, incurable insanity. Might not many a wayward temper, inherited, perhaps, from half-insane ancestors, be soothed and regulated, if the fault was met with sorrow instead of anger; if in the paroxysm of passion, instead of the loud voice, the irritable shake, or the angry slap, the child was put into a room by itself, with the assurance it should be released the moment it stopped crying; or in the case of a very young child, a warm bath was resorted to, to stop long-continued screaming; if every effort at self-control were carefully watched, noticed, and encouraged, instead of the usual careless 'You get worse and worse,' that greets the next outburst; above all, if strict obedience and regular habits were quietly but irresistibly enforced might not many a brain have been saved from making shipwreck in after life?"

And lastly, could we not be a little kinder to each other? It is unkindness that most often unhinges the mind. It is the kindness the patient meets with in the asylum that forms the first steps to his cure.

> Musing upon the little lives of men,
> And how they mar that little by their feuds,

it has often struck me as an infinitely sad thing, how little it takes to make a human heart happy, and how often that little is denied; often, too, not from want of affection, but from want of a little thought.

In conclusion, are there no ways in which we could co-operate in the great work of these good men, who, by the devotion of a life-time, have brought about this great revolution in the treat-

ment of the insane? All who have had personal experience of the insane, will bear witness to the cruelty and folly of the feeling of dread with which they are regarded, a feeling which we do not indulge towards a patient in the delirium of fever, though with better cause for it, a feeling which I sometimes think must have been implanted in us by the centuries of superstitious horror and cruelty which this one form of human malady inspired. In the life of Elizabeth Fry, it is touching to read how the dowager Czarina of Russia personally visited the asylums of St. Petersburg, saw to the comfort of the inmates, and soothed their afflicted minds by playing on the organ to them. Are there not some with bright gifts of song or of elocution, who would sometimes place these gifts at the disposal of the officers of an asylum, to help to bring a little brightness into these darkened lives? Could not a flower mission be opened to our city asylums, and all the tender beauty and healing grace of those "fair ungrieving things" be made to minister to troubled minds?

At least let us render our heart's thanks to those noble men who have removed one of the darkest blots from our common human nature, and shown love victorious over neglect, and fear, and cruelty, by working with them, in prevention, if we cannot in curing; and remembering the wonders they have effected by pouring into the wounds of a troubled mind the oil and wine of kindness, unwearied patience, and wise tenderness, let us "go and do likewise."

THE TWO WAYS.

BY J. H. CAMPBELL.

SOME hear the call to labour
And cheerfully obey,
And in the laden vineyard
Pass all the busy day.

And some who fain would labour
Are only bid to wait,
And patiently to linger
Beside the golden gate.

But those who work grow weary;
And those who wait grow faint.
O Lord! give strength and patience,
Keep us from all complaint.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

"Holiness to the Lord."

Holiness was meant, our New Testament tells us, for every-day use. It is home-made and home-worn. Its exercise hardens the bone and strengthens the muscle in the body of character. Holiness is religion shining. It is the candle lighted, and not hid under a bushel, but lighting the house. It is religious principle put into motion. It is the love of God sent forth into circulation, on the feet and with the hands, of love to man. It is faith gone to work. It is charity coined into actions, and devotion breathing benedictions on human suffering, while it goes up in intercessions to the Father of all pity. Prayers that show no answers in better lives are not true prayers. Of religion without holiness—or the spurious pretence current under that name—the world has seen enough; it has more than once made society, with all its reforms, go backward; it has sharpened the spear of the scorner, and sealed the skeptic's unbelief. It has hidden the Church from the market. It has gone to the Conference and the communion-table, as to a sacred wardrobe, where badges are borrowed to cloak the iniquities of trade. It has said to many an outcast and oppressed class, "Stand by thyself; the Master's feast is for me, and not for you." It has thinned the ranks of open disciples, and treacherously offered to objectors the vantage-ground of honesty. My friends, get faith, and then use it. Gain holiness, and wear it. Pray, and watch while you pray. Keep the Sabbath; keep it so carefully that it shall keep you all the week—a mutual friendship. Come to the Church; come to carry the Church back with you, not in its professions, nor its external credit, but its interior substance, into a consistent holiness.

Constant, then, but earnest—even, but laborious; familiar, but positive; and universal, but also decided, must that manifestation of holiness be, if it is to bear the tests of Christ's inspection.

"Holiness to the Lord!" where is that inscription to be stamped now? Not on the vestments of any Levitical order; not on plates of sacerdotal gold, worn upon the forehead. Priest and Levite have passed by. The Jewish tabernacle has ex-

panded into that world-wide brotherhood, where whosoever doeth righteousness is accepted. Morning has risen into day. Are we children of that day? For form, we have spirit; for Gerizim and Zion, our common scenery. The ministry of Aaron is ended. His ephod, with its gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, and cunning work, has faded and dropped. The curious girdle and its chains of wreathen gold are broken. The breastplate of judgment that lay against his heart, and its fourfold row of triple jewels—of sardius, topaz, and carbuncle; of emerald, sapphire, and diamond; of ligure, agate, and amethyst; of beryl, onyx, and jasper—has been crushed and lost. The pomegranates are cast aside like untimely fruit. The golden bells are silent. Even the mitre, with its sacred signet, and the grace of the fashion of it, has perished. All the outward glory and beauty of that Hebrew worship which the Lord commanded Moses has vanished into the eternal splendours of the Gospel, and been fulfilled in Christ. What teaching has it left? What other than this?—that we are to engrave *our* "Holiness to the Lord," first on the heart, and then on all that the heart goes out into, through the brain and the hand: on the plates of gold our age of enterprise is drawing up from mines and beating into currency; on bales of merchandise and books of account; on the tools and bench of every handicraft; on your weights and measures; on pen and plough and pulpit; on the door-posts of your houses, and the utensils of your table, and the walls of your chambers; on cradle and playthings and school-books; on the locomotives of enterprise, and the bells of the horses, and the ships of navigation; on music halls and libraries; on galleries of art and the lyceum desk; on all of man's inventing and building, all of his using and enjoying; for all these are trusts in a stewardship, for which the Lord of the servants reckoneth.—*F. D. Huntington, D.D.*

SERVING THE FUTURE.

I have said you cannot serve the past, but you can serve the future. This generation contains all that are coming. Suppose that David, some day in his wanderings, when he had got upon the goodly mountain, and sat down weary at the eventide under some great cedar, the pomegranate blossoms blooming before him, and with his great poet eye looked out across the gleaming

Mediterranean away to yonder sun that was going to lose itself, and between him and the sun saw a Syrian sail mysteriously flickering on the borders of he knew not what, suppose he had said to himself, "What is there, there away beyond the waters, in the strange realm where the sun loses himself at night-time?" and suppose that some angel had then been commissioned just to lift up the veil and permit him to cross the Mediterranean, then the continent of Europe, then across another sea, until away in the cold and foggy seas of the north he beholds some island lying, and sees the people of some distant generation. Up there spring towers and spires. God's Sabbath day sounds upon the land, and there they come, fathers and mothers, boys and girls, in the streets by thousands and tens of thousands, crowding to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. In families, and tribes, and multitudes, they lift up their Sabbath song, and proclaim the God of Israel, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," ringing up to the heavens in a language David never heard. He might have said, "Am I to serve these distant generations?" Yes; he served your mother many a time, and my mother; he has served you, and he has served me. He has been serving us this day, and we have sometimes heard the hundredth psalm, the words of David, in one age, the music of Luther in another age, the language of our mothers, and our fathers, and our own voices, all uniting, binding the angels of the nations together in the one great work of praising God. So serve your own generation, and you serve every other. Serve the men and women now living, and you serve all that are yet to come. Working for this moment, you are working for all future times; bringing one poor boy to Christ, bringing one lost girl back to the Saviour, you are working for unborn generations, and the influence of your action will never be lost.—*The Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A.*

—Prayer, or the inspiration of the Spirit of life—and praise, or the employment of life thus derived to the glory of its author—constitute the essence of vital godliness.

—No earthly possessions or mental endowments can supply the place of religion, because that alone brings salvation to man.

—A good conscience is a continual feast, and a peaceful mind the antepast of heaven.

REASONS FOR THE CHANGES MADE IN THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.*

BY A MEMBER OF THE REVISION COMMITTEE.

The number of various readings in the New Testament has been differently estimated at different times. Nor could this have been otherwise. Every new manuscript which is discovered increases the amount, and every more accurate examination of already known manuscripts tends to the same result. Hence, while the varieties of readings in the New Testament were reckoned at about 30,000 in the last century, they are generally referred to as amounting to no less than 150,000 at the present day.

This is a statement which is apt at first to be felt alarming by those unacquainted with the science of biblical criticism. They are naturally disposed to ask, when so many differences of reading exist, Must not the sacred text be very uncertain? But, happily, this is a question which can be very easily and satisfactorily answered.

For, in the first place, the vast majority of the various readings are of no practical importance. Multitudes of them are mere errors in spelling into which the writer has fallen, either from his ear having deceived him if he wrote from dictation, or his eye having mistaken one letter for another in the manuscript which lay before him. Others consist of the substitution of one synonymous word for another, or of a mere change of order without any appreciable distinction of sense. As in English the meaning is the same, whether we say, "He went forth," or "He went out," "Let us go on," or "Let us proceed."

But, in the second place, so far from the immense variety of readings which have been collected giving rise to uncertainty, the very fact that we possess these constitutes our best hope of being able to approach to certainity with respect to the original text. This may appear a paradoxical statement, but it admits of easy demonstration. For, let us refer to any of those ancient writings, in the printed text of which there exists no various readings. Are such texts trustworthy and pure? Nay, the very opposite is the case; they are all hopelessly corrupt, and the reason is evident. There are no varieties of reading, simply because these works have come down to us in a single manuscript only. That manuscript is the sole authority to which appeal can be made as to their text. And, of course, if every printed edition is taken from that, without conjecture venturing to make any changes, all the copies will be exactly alike. But nothing could be more calamitous to an ancient author than such a circumstance. His work having been transcribed so often, in the course of many centuries, has, of necessity, become disfigured with numerous errors. And, as it survives in only one manuscript, there is no possibility of comparison, and no means of correction, except by the arbitrary process of conjecture, which will always vary with different minds. The consequence is, that all sorts of guesses are made by editors as to the true text of these unfortunate writings. While there are, for the reason stated, no various readings, there is the utmost variety of conjectures. Every one feels that the existing text is in multitudes of passages corrupt, and from want of documentary evidence has no resource but to proceed to correct it just as his caprice or judgment may suggest.

How different does the case stand in regard to the New Testament! No miracle has been wrought to

* Condensed from the "Companion to the Revised Version."

preserve its text as it came from the pens of the inspired writers. That would have been a thing altogether out of harmony with God's method of governing the world. The manuscripts containing a record of the divine will have been left, like others, to suffer from those causes of error which will presently be mentioned. But a gracious providence has, nevertheless, been exerted in connection with the text of the New Testament. It has been so ordered that vastly more copies of the sacred volume have come down to us in manuscript than of any other ancient writing. We learn from the best authorities on the subject that no fewer than 1,760 manuscripts of the New Testament, in whole or in part, are known to scholars in our day.*

We may now proceed to a consideration of the causes which have given rise to the vast variety of readings that has been mentioned. These causes may, perhaps, all be embraced under one or other of the following heads :

First, there are those differences of readings which have sprung *from pure mistake.*

As universal experience has proved, nothing is more difficult than to get any large amount of mere copying work done with absolute correctness. The transcriber may be careless or incompetent, and then, of course, his work will be badly done. No doubt this has given rise to not a few of the mistakes which appear in manuscripts of the New Testament. Some of the copyists knew very little of what they were doing, while others disliked the drudgery ; and so, from ignorance or weariness, they fell into error. But even the most skilful and patient of them might easily go astray in the work of transcription. One word might be mistaken for another. This is often found even in printed books at the present day. But much more liable to this kind of error were transcribers than printers.

Further, mere glosses, doxologies, or liturgical formularies, written on the margin of manuscripts, were sometimes inadvertently introduced by transcribers into the text. The *doxology* of the Lord's prayer, Matt. 6: 13, which seems to have been quite unknown to the early fathers of the Church, probably crept into the text from the margin in like manner. Nothing could be more natural than that additions from the margin — explanatory, doxological, or rubrical — should occasionally find their way into the body of some of the manuscripts, while yet the mass of authorities remained uncorrupted, and still enable us at the present day to discover for ourselves the original text.

Once more, under this head, error would sometimes arise from the unconscious working of the mind of the copyist on the passage before him. Few transcribers could act the part of mere machines. Their minds accompanied their pens: they *thought* about what they were doing; and this sometimes proved fatal to the perfect accuracy of their work. Supplementary expressions, due to the exercise of their own mental powers, slipped in without their perceiving it. Thus at Matt. 18: 28, the true reading is simply "Pay what thou owest," but it was most natural for a copyist to insert a pronoun, so as to read as in the text represented by the Authorized Version, "Pay me what thou owest." Thus, again, the reading of the Revised Version at Luke 24: 53 is, "were continually in the temple, blessing God," but in not a few manuscripts we find, "praising and blessing God." There is no reason, in such cases, to imagine that the variation arose from design on the part of the transcribers. They were men and not machines, and sometimes, all unconsciously, left the impress of their thoughts upon their work. Judging by constant experience, nothing is more certain than unintended supplements would, in this way be made to the text ; and, unless he were constantly on the watch, there was even all the more risk that a transcriber would thus be led to deviate from correctness the farther he rose above a mere piece of mechanism, and executed his work with neatness and intelligence.

* Scrivener's Introduction, 2d ed., p. 269.

Lastly, some various readings have probably been due to doctrinal bias on the part of transcribers. Considering the many and violent controversies which have agitated the Church in the course of her history, this could scarcely fail to be the case. A doctrine may often hinge upon a single word. Whether, for example, Christ is spoken of as *God* at Acts 20: 28, seems to involve the chief point at issue between the Orthodox and the Arians or Socinians. A strong temptation was thus presented to copyists to tamper with the text according to his own predilections. But upon the whole this temptation was very successfully resisted. We have every reason to believe that the ancient transcribers, in general, performed their solemn task with the utmost fidelity. It is pretty clear, indeed, that the substitution of "Joseph" for "His father," at Luke 2: 33, and again of "Joseph and Mary," for "His parents," at verse 41 of the same chapter, was made in the presumed interests of a very vital doctrine, that of the miraculous conception. And it might seem that the insertion of the text of 1 John 5: 7, 8, was plainly due to the desire to uphold the doctrine of the Trinity. Yet this famous passage may, after all, have been at first a mere marginal gloss, which was at length admitted to the text through inadvertence.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Death of Dean Stanley.

In the death of the learned and genial Dean of Westminster Abbey another of the great lights of the British pulpit, of English literature, and of Anglican theology, has passed away. Of all the great deans of that historic Abbey, none, we think, has ever made so many friends or had such warm admirers beyond the pale of the Church of which he was such a distinguished son, and none have ever written on such high themes, with such beauty of thought, such felicity of diction, such charity of spirit. We shall never forget the grand sermon we heard from his lips in the venerable Abbey, and surrounded by the effigies of England's mighty dead. The person and manner of the preacher were the reverse of imposing, and all the impressiveness of his discourse was derived from the dignity of his style and the sublimity of his thought.

The special characteristic of Dean Stanley was not the breadth of his learning, though by few has that been equalled; nor the beauty of his style, though by none has that been surpassed; but the wide range of his sympathies and the charity of his spirit. Indeed by many of the more rigidly orthodox, that was considered a latitudinarian impartiality to the "schismatic dissenters" on the one hand, and to infidel writers, like Renan, on the other. And certainly in his Biblical criticism, it seems to us, he has conceded altogether too much to the rationalistic school of interpretation, and has held views on, for instance, the inspiration and authorship of the sacred books which seem calculated to invalidate their authority and which are opposed to those held by men of equal learning and equal candor with himself. Under the searching criticism of the times, many of the views expressed in his "Jewish Church" must, we think, be modified in a more conservative direction.

A still more beautiful attribute of the man was his sympathy with the lowly and unlettered. Never was his Christian courtesy more conspicuous than when he annually entertained at the deanery the members of the Workingmen's Union of Westminster, and per-

sonally conducted them over the Abbey, drawing from the stores of his learning and traditionary lore for their interest and instruction. Often, too, has he conducted a party of rustic or transatlantic tourists, or eager school boys over the historic pile and through Westminster school, recounting the incidents of their storied past.

To Methodism, he has shown, both in the Old World and the New, a friendly sympathy, and few of his utterances have been more touching and tender than those at the unveiling of the Wesley Memorial in the Abbey, shortly after the death of his wife when he quoted from Charles Wesley's grand hymn, "Come, O thou Traveller unknown," the words:

> "My company before is gone,
> And I am left alone with thee."

More we think than his positive teachings will the devout spirit, the sweet charity, the genial sympathy of the man be a legacy to the Church and to the world. We are glad to be able to enrich this imperfect notice of a great and good man by the addition of the following noble tribute to his memory, communicated to a leading journal by the accomplished principal of Victoria University, the Rev. Dr. Nelles :—

I desire with many others to pay my little tribute to one whose voice of charity and peace has sounded hopefully above the clamour these years past, and whose writings have cheered and strengthened me since the day when I first read his "Life of Arnold," down to the issue of his latest work, "Christian Institutions."

Not that I would wish to be understood as accepting all his views, nor as competent to pronounce an opinion on some of them; but to me the general scope of his teaching seems to be in the right direction, while the spirit of the man is worthy of all honour. It would, no doubt, be quite easy from an orthodox point of view to raise valid objections to some of his leading positions, but it would be just as easy to raise such objections, perhaps weightier ones, to cardinal doctrines in the works of distinguished theologians of all schools of thought, not excepting some famous confessions of faith. The chief consideration on which I would here lay stress is the fact that this man of extensive learning and great ability, holding, too, a very high position in the English Church, has set an example to us all of the true catholicity of view, and the true charity of heart and life. He has taught us, as few have taught us, to feel after and illustrate the essential principles of religion, as distinguished on the one hand from abstruse metaphysical refinements or sacerdotal assumptions, and on the other, from a destructive rationalism that leads

> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea.

I quite agree with you that the Christendom of to-day "calls distinctly for the mellowing influence of spirits like his who has just passed away." "Pray for me," said a dying Catholic prelate, "that I may have the elemental graces." That which this eminent man prayed for is what the Churches of to-day must labour and pray for, if Christianity is to be preserved as a power among men. To these great common principles of religion we must come if we would have that which is best to live by or to die by, and to these God is, I trust, leading the Churches more and more, and few have more largely aided in the good work than the illustrious and true-hearted clergyman who has now gone to his rest. The hard problem for Christian ministers in our time is that of finding the true middle ground between a colourless Christianity that fades into thin air, and the sadly-discoloured forms which have come down to us stained with heathen dyes. Most persons find it easier to embrace and rest in extreme views, whether old or new, than to search, and sift, and weigh the conflicting ideas, and form a creed for themselves. It adds to the embarrassment that the Christian minister is supposed to have settled all the great theological questions in his youth, when as yet neither his intellect nor his experience had reached their maturity, and any future expansion is like the growth of a plant

under pressure, or in the darkness of a cellar. It is necessary to be loyal to ecclesiastical standards ; it is necessary to be loyal to conscience and truth ; it is necessary to grow in mind and soul, while adhering to and defending a standard that is not expected to grow, and which is, perhaps, neither large enough for all good thoughts, nor flexible enough to bear much stretching ; it is necessary to repel the assaults of agnostics, pessimists, and other heretics, and at the same time to make the old creed adjust itself to all new knowledge ; and it is necessary to sustain a body, perhaps a family, that cannot feed on any kind of theology, whether mediæval, evangelical, or rationalistic. The late Dean Stanley seems to have had the courage to attempt all of these, and the ability to effect all of them, unless we make an exception of the first, which is the easiest of all, and the least value of all when taken by itself alone. He had the good fortune to belong to a Church that allows of wide diversity of belief, which is the next best thing to belonging to a Church that has hit upon a belief absolutely true and final. He has many who rival him in scholarship, in earnestness, in breadth of view, in fidelity to subordinate standards (whatever this last may be worth), but in the happy and fruitful union of these hardly compatible attainments, it will be as difficult to find his equal, as it will be for some sectarian spirits to grant him the comprehensiveness he had, and grant him also the character of a true divine. But now that he has gone to his rest, the world is much the poorer, and, perhaps, the best evidence of his genuine service to our common humanity will be found in the fact that few, if any, will wish he had lived or taught otherwise than he has done, or be content to spare his writings from their shelves.

The Lessons of the Assassination.

It is evident that God is so overruling the late wicked assault upon the President of the United States, as to bring great good out of apparent evil. Nothing, we think, has so stirred the international sympathies of the English-speaking race since the tragical death of the late lamented President Lincoln. In the tide of sympathy that has pulsed across the borders and across the sea, it was felt that the heart of Canada and the heart of England throbbed in unison of sorrow for the perpetration of the crime, and in unison of joy at the failure of its malign purpose. Americans themselves, of all sections, north and south, Republican and Democrat, forgot their factions and felt that they were one. Their civil head being smitten the whole body suffered. Their day of national rejoicing was turned into a day of national mourning. On that day we traversed nearly from end to end, the great State of New York, and the conspicuous absence of the accustomed hilarity of the day was its most striking characteristic. Another was the feverish anxiety of the people for the intelligence from Washington. At every station there was eager inquiry for the latest bulletin. And while whirling along the railway, hope was vouchsafed by the fact that the distant flags were *not* at half mast.

Although the crime was felt to be that of an insane fanatic, it was also felt that his fanaticism was nourished by the bitterness of spirit fostered by their system of "spoils," and political partizanship. The following Sunday we heard Beecher denounce with more than his wonted eloquence and sarcasm the corruption in high places which made American politics a reproach throughout the world. This lesson from the crime, we hope, will not be forgotten in either country.

The insight given into the private life of the White House, as the entire nation stands, as it were, by his bedside—the patience and courage of the suffering Presidént, the devotion of his brave wife, the old-fashioned quaintness of his aged mother, the tender affection of his children, —all knit the hearts of the people to their ruler and foster the most kindly feelings and sympathies toward him. How different from the reign of terror

under which the Czar of all the Russias lives, feeling that almost the whole nation is leagued in conspiracy for his destruction.

The American people were greatly touched by the messages of condolence and congratulation from the Queen of England and from the members of the Royal Family; but especially by the sympathetic autograph letter from Mr. Gladstone to the wife of the wounded President. Such expressions of good-will cannot fail to knit still closer together the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon people on both sides of the sea, and tend to render forever impossible a breach of the cordial relations now happily subsisting between them.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

It is a cause for congratulation that a man so greatly beloved throughout universal Methodism as the Rev. William Arthur has been so restored to health as to be able to assume the duties of President of the Wesleyan Conference. No one more fully enjoys the confidence and esteem, not only of his own, but of all the Churches. His varied learning, his literary labours and reputation, and his piety command the respect of even the secular world; but his genial character and Christ-like spirit win most the love of those who know him best. It was a graceful act of Dr. Ryle, the Evangelical Bishop of Liverpool, to write such a cordial letter, asking the President to convey to the members of the Conference his hearty thanks for the great services rendered to the cause of Christianity and morality by the Wesleyan Church. But we doubt the correctness of the statement in the cablegram announcing the fact that the members of the Conference accepted it as one indication of a disposition on the part of the Evangelical wing of the Establishment to pave the way for a reunion of the Wesleyan sect with the Church from which they separated.

While, doubtless, the relations between the two Churches—for we must call the Wesleyan body a "Church" and not a "sect," as the despatch gives it—may become increasingly cordial with the mutual growth of Christian charity, yet we doubt if organic union will ever take place. Certainly Methodism is much more free to pursue her mission of spreading scriptural holiness throughout the land while disentangled from state alliances than if made part of an Establishment which embraces such inharmonious elements as the "high," the "broad," the "low," sections of the Anglican Church.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE EASTERN CONFERENCES.

The Nova Scotia Conference assembled at Granville Ferry. The Rev. J. Lathern was elected President, and the Rev. Jabez Rogers, Secretary. The various sessions were seasons of great harmony, and the religious services were times of spiritual refreshing. There were no deaths reported in the ministerial ranks, but one brother who had rendered good service to the cause of his Master, the Rev. R. A. Temple, was placed on the superannuated list. The Rev. T. Angwin was congratulated on having completed 50 years of ministerial life. Much regret was felt when it was announced that the income of the Superannuation Fund had fallen behind $1,000; but, as a set-off, it was stated that $12,000 would be added

to the capital stock from the Ray estate in New Brunswick. A deceased lady had also left $1,000 to the same fund. The income of the Missionary Society was $300 in advance, and the same kind lady referred to above, Mrs. Burney, had also left $1,000 to the Missionary Society. Four candidates for the Ministry were received, and one Minister had ceased to be recognized. Rev. A. W. Nicholson, was appointed to the Ecumenical Council, and the Rev. S. Huestis to the Central Missionary Board.

Revs. Dr. Stewart, and J. Burwash attended the Conference on behalf of Mount Allison College. The Legislature of the Colony had seen fit to withdraw the annual grant of $2,400 from that institution. Means have now to be adopted to provide for the emergency, and right royally are the friends rallying to the task before them. The deputation were cheered with cash and promises amounting to nearly $2,000. A member of the Conference headed the list with $50. It is intended to raise an endowment of $50,000. A wealthy friend in Sackville has nobly promised one-fifth of the amount. Mount Allison students are able to compete with others. This was proved by Dr. Inch at the Conference, who stated that the Provincial University at Halifax gave $470 in prizes, the students of Mount Allison won $395 of this amount.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference was held at Moncton, the week following Nova Scotia. The Rev. Douglas Chapman was elected President, the Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, M.A., was re-elected Secretary. Our brethren in the East conduct their Conference proceedings much in the same way as we do in the West, and they hold the same number of anniversary meetings. Their ordination Services are usually held on a week-day, and not on the Sabbath as with us. The Missionary income was $261.61 ahead of the preceding year. Three probationers were ordained, seven were continued on trial, and four were received as probationers. No deaths had occurred among the Ministers, a fact which speaks well for the healthful character of the Maritime Provinces. From the statistical report we gather that there is an increase of 72 in the membership of the Church, and an increase of 345 scholars in the Sunday-schools. The Superannuation Fund reports an increase of $59.25, but the Educational Fund has a small decrease of $4. The Book Steward stated that the sales of the Book Room exceeded those of former years by $600. The subscriptions to the *Wesleyan* were also in advance $451, while from printing and advertising there was a gratifying increase of nearly $1,400. The Rev. B. Chappell, A.B., a member of this Conference, accepted an appointment to labour in British Columbia. A valedictory service was held at St John, in which he was commended to God. He is greatly esteemed by the members of New Brunswick Conference.

The Newfoundland Conference, though last on the list, is not to be considered as of small importance. The Island is not so well-known as it should be to the people of Canada. It is one of the oldest mission fields in America, and has been the scene of many heroic deeds. The Conference met in the city of St. John's, where Methodism occupies a conspicious position, having some spacious and elegant churches, and not a few persons in the Church who occupy prominent positions in the community. The Rev. Charles Ladner was elected President, and the Rev. George Boyd, Secretary. The number of Ministers in this Conference is small, and two of them, Rev. T. Harris, and J. Pascoe, were compelled to retire from the active work for one year, having been in the ministry 27 and 20 years respectively. There is an increase in the membership of nearly 300. The deficiencies of the Ministers labouring on the missions were unusually heavy, but when the fact became known the noble people of St. John's munificently contributed $2,000 towards relieving the more necessitous cases, a fact which

greatly cheered the noble, sacrificing men who were willing to endure hardness for Christ. The College deputation was here also, and though the Methodists of Newfoundland have pressing claims upon them they nobly responded to the appeals of Dr. Stewart, and sent him home with more than $5,000 for the institution at Mount Allison. Some of the circuits in this Conference have had seasons of refreshing during the the present year, notably may be mentioned Twillingate, where between six and seven hundred persons have professed to be converted to God. A system of colportage is maintained in the Conference, whereby books amounting to the value of $600, have been sold, and 1,600 families have been visited The Rev. W. E. Shenstone, after a ministry of 53 years spent in Bermuda, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, had finished his course. His memory is precious to the members of his late Conference, and to thousands who have often been delighted by his edifying ministry. He rests from his labours and his works follow him.

Methodist New Connexion Church.

The 85th Annual Conference of this body was held at Halifax, Yorkshire. The Rev. Dr. Stacey was elected President, and Mr. George Goodall, Secretary. Four probationers were ordained, and a minister from the Baptist denomination, was received without the imposition of hands, having been previously ordained. Twenty-six young men were continued on trial, and five others were received on trial, on the recommendation of the College authorities. A pleasing episode occurred on the third day of the Conference, by a deputation from the Evangelical Union of Halifax, being introduced. The deputation consisted of several of the Non-conformist Ministers of the town, some of whom addressed the Conference to which an appropriate reply was given by the Rev. Dr. Cooke. The Book Room profits amounted to nearly $1,400. Eleven new churches, and two schools had been built during the year, at a cost of $47,000, about $20,000 of which had been raised. The increase in the membership of the Church is 797, and in the number of Sunday-school children 1,848. The ordination charge was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Watts, D.D., the ex-President, who took for his text, "I magnify mine office," Rom. 11:13. The address was greatly eulogized by those who reported it. There are several Bands of Hope in connection with the Sunday-schools and more than twenty thousand of the little folks are enrolled in the Temperance army. One Minister, after 34 years' labour, was compelled to ask to be allowed to retire from the active work, and two others were also added to the list of superannuates.

Primitive Methodist Conference.

This assembly of Ministers and laymen took place in Hull, Yorkshire. The Primitive Methodists are more numerous in this town than in any other in England. There are thirteen Ministers stationed in the town, with a membership of four thousand, and several spacious sanctuaries which are numerously attended. The Rev. Charles Kendall, who has been in the ministry forty-three years, the whole of which has been spent in Hull District, was elected President, and the Rev. Thomas Smith, Secretary. Dr. Antliff, father of the Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., M.A., of Toronto, and J. Calvin, and others were added to the list of superannuates. The former has been in the ministry more than fifty years, and has long occupied a place in the Conference. Six ministers, for various causes, had resigned their connection with the Conference, and no less than twelve had departed this life. The Rev. Joseph Wood, M.A., devotes all his time to Sunday-schools. From his report we gather the following items:—There are 2,626 schools, being an increase of 32. There is an increase of Church members of 1,205, and an increase of scholars of 9,515. There are 783

catechumen classes, and more than 50,000 children are pledged not to use either intoxicating liquors or tobacco. The colleges, one of which is exclusively for ladies, were reported as in a satisfactory state. The Camp-meeting, or Field-meeting which was held on the Sabbath, was attended by 15,000 people. The Book Room had done a good business, and allocated more than $20,000 to various connexional funds. Among others $15,000 were appropriated to the Superannuation Fund. The Missionary income had not met the expenditure by more than $2,000. This was the more to be regretted inasmuch as numerous openings for Missionaries are before the Committee. Eighteen Ministers and laymen were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Council. But for the missionary debt, the Conference was pronounced to be one of the best ever held.

The Irish Methodist Conference.

This venerable body met in the City of Cork, and consists of one hundred ministers, and ninety-eight laymen, one of the latter is the Lord Mayor of London. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, President of the British Conference, occupied the chair, and was accompanied by Revs. T. McCullagh, W. Oliver, and S. Rowe. The Rev. James Donnelly, was elected Secretary. Revs. Oliver, McCutcheon, and Dr. Griffin were elected to the legal hundred. There is a net decrease of 226 members, nearly 2,000 had been lost by deaths and emigration. Some districts reported large increases. Six probationers were ordained Revs. Dr. Applebe, and C. Robertson were appointed to attend the British Conference. Four Ministers, Revs. R. Husson, J. Walker, J. W. Collins, and R. Devers, were reported as having died. The first named travelled circuits forty years, then became supernumerary, and resided in Dublin and laboured indefatigably among the soldiers and sailors of that city. The conversation respecting the state of the work of God was lengthened and very searching. The class-meeting as a test of membership excited much discussion. It is believed that about three-fourths of the members meet regularly in class. The Rev. W. Gorman gave notice of motion in regard to a modification of the Itinerancy designed to allow a Minister to remain longer than three years on the same circuit. Rev. J. S. Waugh, from India, Bishop Peck, and Dr. Reid, from the United States, and Dr. Potts, were among the visitors to the Conference. The latter delivered a characteristic address at the "open session" of Conference. The contributions to the Thanksgiving Fund, amount to $100,000.

French Methodist Conference.

The twenty-seventh annual session was held in Paris. Pastor Cornforth presided, and Pastor Dugand was elected Secretary. Among other visitors, Revs. Wm. Arthur, and W. Gibson, from the British Conference were reported. The denomination labours under great difficulties, but the statistics show a gradual increase in several departments, as, for instance, an increase of four preaching-places, seventeen class-leaders, forty-two members, four Sunday-schools, and ninety-six scholars.

Items.

The Rev. Joseph Smithers recently died in England. He was only forty-seven years of age, and had travelled in some of the best circuits in England. His illness was of a painful nature, but he died trusting in God.

The Rev. Richard Potter was taken ill as he was journeying to the late Toronto Conference and died without having been permitted to enter his new circuit. How admonitory!

As we go to press, news reaches us that Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, has passed over to the great majority. Thus, we see that death still visits all circles of society and removes to their long home those who have held distinguished positions, as well as those less widely known.

BOOK NOTICES.

Wesley's Doctrinal Standards. Part I. The Sermons, with Introductions, Analysis, and Notes. By the Rev. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Victoria College. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House. Halifax: Methodist Book Room. Price, $2.50.

Some years ago an Ordination Service was being held in connection with the Wesleyan Conference, England, when the late Rev. Dr. Bunting said, "I have made it a rule for forty years past to read one of Mr. Wesley's Sermons daily."

The late Bishop Thompson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, said of Mr. Wesley's Sermons, "They are as clear as logic, as fervent in rhetoric, like a sea of mingled glass in apocalyptic vision; with lightning penetration he cleaves the various forms of error till he reaches the reservoir of truth."

When the now sainted William L. Thornton presided at the Methodist Conference in Canada, he uttered several golden sentences, one of which is the following: "I hope Mr. Wesley's Sermons will be the study of a life-time."

Sermonic literature, however, does not generally command a large sale. Few volumes of sermons reach a second edition; though there are some in all Churches which will always be regarded as superior productions, and will be more or less read. As Methodists, we have Benson, and Clarke, and Watson, and Beaumont. Then there are, among our American friends, the sermons of Summerfield, and Bascom, and Murney, and Marvin, all of which are worthy of renown. Still, the sermons of John Wesley must remain at the head of the list. Every Methodist family throughout the world should have a copy. They are good to read at all times; and it is hardly possible to read them without spiritual profit.

The volume of Dr. Burwash which stands at the head of this paper will, we doubt not, cause these time-honoured discourses to be more extensively read. Methodist ministers would not consider their libraries complete if a copy of the well-known fifty-two Sermons were not there; but it is probable that with many they are kept merely for occasional reference Now, however, that the attention of the Methodist Church of Canada has been called to the Wesleyan Doctrinal Standards, the Sermons will be read with increased relish. The Analysis and Notes which are appended to the various classifications into which Dr. Burwash has divided the Sermons greatly increase their value, and will cause all classes of readers to feel an interest in them such as they did not previously possess. Such as may have read Mr. Wesley's Journals and his other writings, may have read most of the Notes, as they are mainly historical, but, being appended to the Sermons, they possess a value which does not belong to their detached state.

The Preface and Introduction which Dr. Burwash has written to the Doctrinal Standards contain an amount of information which will be of great service to all, but especially to such as love to mark the progress of religious truth as exemplified in the experience of the founder of Methodism. Not a few have been pleased to state that Methodists regard Mr. Wesley's writings as though their author was infallible; but Dr. Burwash here shows that "it is to the spirit and type of this preaching that our obligations bind us. There may be in the Notes (on the New Testament) and Sermons many things, accidental and personal, to which no Methodist minister or layman would feel bound to profess assent. But Methodism demands that in all our pulpits we should preach *this Gospel*, and expound the Word of God according to *this analogy of faith*."

We thank Dr. Burwash for this excellent book; and we hope that all our young ministers, especially, will enrich themselves by purchasing a copy at their earliest convenience. The circulation of such books would augur well for the future stability of the Methodist Church. There has been but little divergence in the past from Methodist standards; and there is not any great danger of "the people called Methodists" being seduced from the faith of their fathers if the sentiments contained in the fifty-two Sermons which are to be found in this volume permeate the minds of the ministers and people of the Methodist Church.

The binding and mechanical execution of this volume is highly creditable to the Connexional Establishment in Toronto, and is another proof of the skill and business talent there displayed. E. B.

New Cyclopædia of Prose Illustrations, Adapted to Christian Teaching. By the Rev. ELON FOSTER, D.D. Second series, large 8vo., pp. 791. New York: T. Y. Crowell; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, cloth, $3.75; sheep, $4.50.

Cyclopædia of Poetry. Second series, embracing Poems descriptive of the Scenes, Incidents, Persons, and Places of the Bible, also Indexes to Foster's Cyclopædias. Same Author, and Publishers. 8vo., pp. 748. Price, cloth, $3.75; sheep, $4.50.

"The worst thing a minister can do (leaving immoralities aside)," says that veteran editor, Dr. Curry, "is to preach poor sermons. Whatever means, therefore, are not immoral may be resorted to, to remedy this evil, and should be freely used to make the sermon really good." Nothing so adds to the beauty and force of a discourse as appropriate illustrations. They are like the jewels in a ring, causing it to flash with brilliance. They are like the flowers in a parterre, causing it to exhale rich sweetness. The Great Teacher abounded in parables and illustrations, and "without a parable spake He not unto the people." Happy is the man who, as teacher or preacher, possesses this gift of illustration. It is this gift that lends such a perennial charm to the sermons of Guthrie, of Spurgeon, of Talmage, of Beecher, of Moody, and of our own lamented Punshon, and of every great popular teacher.

But if a man possess not this gift in himself he should seek to obtain it. If he have it he should cultivate it. None other, next to the grace of God in the heart, will make his ministry so successful. Often an apt illustration is the feather that wings the arrow of truth with unerring aim to its object. It is the glittering point which enables it to pierce the armour of indifference. It is the barb that prevents it being withdrawn. The attention of many a careless hearer will be arrested and riveted by a graphic illustration, and he will often remember the illustration and the lesson it conveys when he has forgotten everything else.

The gift of originating good illustrations is comparitively rare. Hence the great boon which books like those of Dr. Foster's confer. They enable us to enrich our discourses with the best thoughts of the world's best thinkers, and what is more they enable us at once to find appropriate illustrations on almost every conceivable topic. No man living has had so large an experience in the preparation of such books. The fact that thirty-four thousand volumes are in the hands of clergymen and other teachers is the best demonstration of their practical usefulness. They have the commendation of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, and of the most distinguished ministers of all the churches. To the Sunday-School Superintendent and Teacher they are of special value, because the BANNER notes on each lesson make specific reference to the sections which illustrate these lessons.

The poetical series is one of rare value. Almost every person, place, or event mentioned in the Bible finds rich illustration. Here are the grand poetic gems of the grandest literature of the world, which

"Gleam jewel-wise
On the extended finger of all time."

And here is many a humbler poem, which has been culled, like the sweet wood violet, from some shady nook of literature, and would be sought for elsewhere than here in vain. One is amazed at the wide range of reading of the compiler. Scarcely any great author in our language, in prose or verse, is not represented in these portly volumes. The good taste manifested is not less conspicuous than the wide range of reading. But most of all is he remarkable for his tireless industry as indicated by the very minute and copious indexes of his four volumes, which are given in the last one. They occupy no less than 250 double column 8vo. pages. There are five in all, showing the various subjects treated, or persons referred to, the various authors quoted, and the various texts illustrated. By means of these 100,000 references the entire series are readily classified and made doubly accessible and useful.

Twenty years ago a railway accident disabled the author of these books from regular pastoral service. One Sunday afternoon, he says, while waiting with empty hands, the seed thought which developed into these four volumes dropped into his mind. Some years after a clerical friend wrote, "I thank God for your injury, for, without it, I suppose, we should not have had your eminently helpful books." We would hardly like to put it just that way, but we rejoice that he has been enabled to render such valuable service to the Church of God.

Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America. Edited by P. A. Crosby. Cr. 8vo., pp. 533. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

This is the most complete Gazetteer ever published of the Dominion of Canada and the Island of Newfoundland. It contains the latest and most authentic descriptions of over 7,500 cities, towns, villages, and places, and 2,300 lakes and rivers, with full statistics as to population, manufactures, railway routes, etc. The latter alone fills 147 closely-printed pages, covering eighty-five distinct railway, and forty-one distinct steamboat routes. We have, in Canada, some of the longest railways, under single management, in the world:—as the Grand Trunk, 1,360 miles; Intercolonial, 840 miles; Great Western, 800 miles; Canada Southern, 426 miles; Toronto, Grey, and Bruce, and Northern, each, 200 miles; Canada Central, 280 miles; Occidental Railway, 340; besides over 3,000 miles of other roads, or a grand total of 7,106; besides over 5,000 miles of steamboat routes. The Pacific Railway and connections will add at least 3,000 miles to the above.

The work of the *Gazetteer* is very carefully done. The little-known Island of Anticosti, for instance, is described in six closely printed columns. The Dominion, as a whole, has twenty-two columns; Ontario, seven; Quebec, nine; Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, five each. Montreal and Toronto have four and five respectively. An excellent large, coloured map of the Dominion is also given. The book is invaluable for reference, and answers almost any geographical or statistical question about almost every place in Canada.

Minutes of Conference, 1881, Toronto, London, and Montreal. 12mo., pp., 160, 180, and 125. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House.

The Minutes of the three Western Conferences have been brought out in good time and in good style. They form, together, a book of 465 pages, an evidence of the rapid growth of these Conferences. We are glad to note a new feature calculated to preserve the unity of the brotherhood, which the division into separate Conferences tends to impair, namely, the publication of the names and addresses, of all the ministers of the three Conferences, in each copy of the Minutes. We like also the new departure in the Minutes of the London Conference in publishing the Journal in full. It gives a better idea of the proceedings than the rather meagre ques-

tion-and-answer method heretofore adopted.

Comparative Edition of the Authorized and Revised Versions of the New Testament. Cr. 8vo., pp. 690. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

For comparative study this is decidedly the best edition of the New Testament that we have seen. The Authorized and Revised Versions are printed in parallel columns on the same page, so that one can take in at a glance both versions, and can compare with ease every change made. The new marginal readings, which are of far greater value than those in the old version, are given at the foot of the page, and the American readings at the close of the volume. The book is well printed in full-faced type, on good paper, and is substantially bound.

America Revisited. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, 4to., 84 pp. New York: I. K. Funk & Co. Methodist Book Room. Price, 20 cents.

This is one of the most absurdly egotistical books we ever read. One hears far more about G. A. Sala, than about America. We are informed of the dinners and suppers he had, the hotels at which he stopped, and their merits as compared with other dinners and other hotels of which he had had experience; the social honours he received, and the comforts or discomforts he enjoyed or suffered—while the world at large is not very deeply concerned whether he got any dinner at all or not. Then he has such an insufferably diffuse style, sweeping in a sentence from Indus to the pole, that the few grains of information given are like the penny-worth of bread compared to the infinite quantity of sack in Falstaff's tavern bill. This bulky, but nebulous book, reminds us of those cometary masses which fill vast spaces in the sky, yet which, astronomers tell us contain but a few ounces of solid matter. The initials of the author's name sufficiently describes the style of his books; they are, in our judgment, nothing but G.A.S.

The Last Forty Years. Canada since the Union of 1841. By JNO. CHARLES DENT. George Virtue, Toronto.

It is an evidence that the pulse of national life beats more and more strongly among us, that so many books by Canadian authors on Canadian subjects, and especially upon Canadian history, are finding publishers and readers. One of the most important of these is that above mentioned. The lengthened journalistic experience, the well-balanced judgment, the impartial candour, the painstaking research, and the literary skill of the author are a guarantee that the work will be well done. It will comprehend a review of the leading events in the political, social, and religious life of Canada during the period when the struggle for responsible Government took place, and will trace the development of the country to the present time. It will be issued monthly, in fifteen parts of 48 pages, with 4 full-page engravings, at 50 cents each. Fine tinted portraits of the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne accompany the initial number.

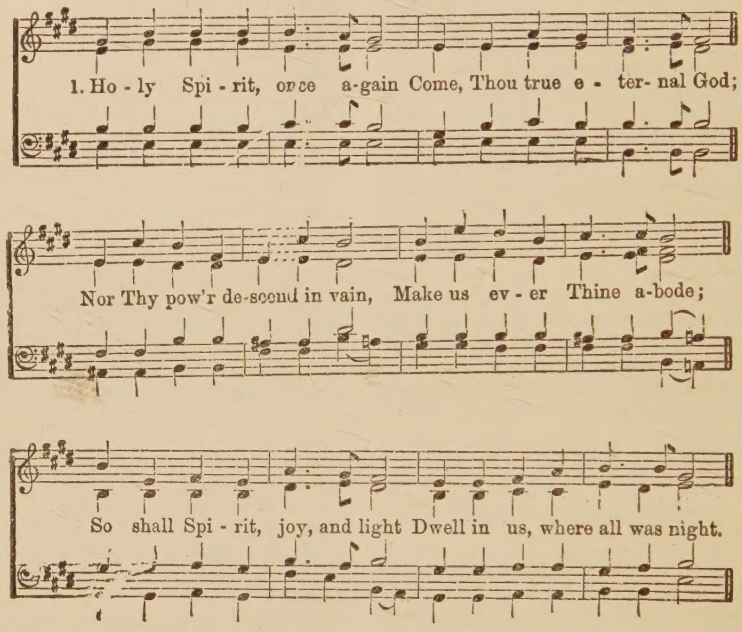
The work opens with an admirable account of the brief, but important administration of Lord Durham, and is written in such a graceful and readable style as we believe will make this history of our country exceedingly popular.

How to Enjoy Life. By W. M. CORNELL, M.D., LL.D. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., fourth edition, pp. 360. Price, $1.15.

The essential pre-requisite to a rational enjoyment of life is good health. Without this, all other enjoyments are imperfect. Yet health is often impaired by injudicious habits. This book is the more valuable, that it treats rather of hygiene, or the art of preserving health, than of restoring it when lost. It is especially adapted by its plain inculcation of the laws of mental and physical health for the use of students and ministers, who often, to the serious impairment of their usefulness and happiness, violate these laws.

HOLY SPIRIT, ONCE AGAIN.

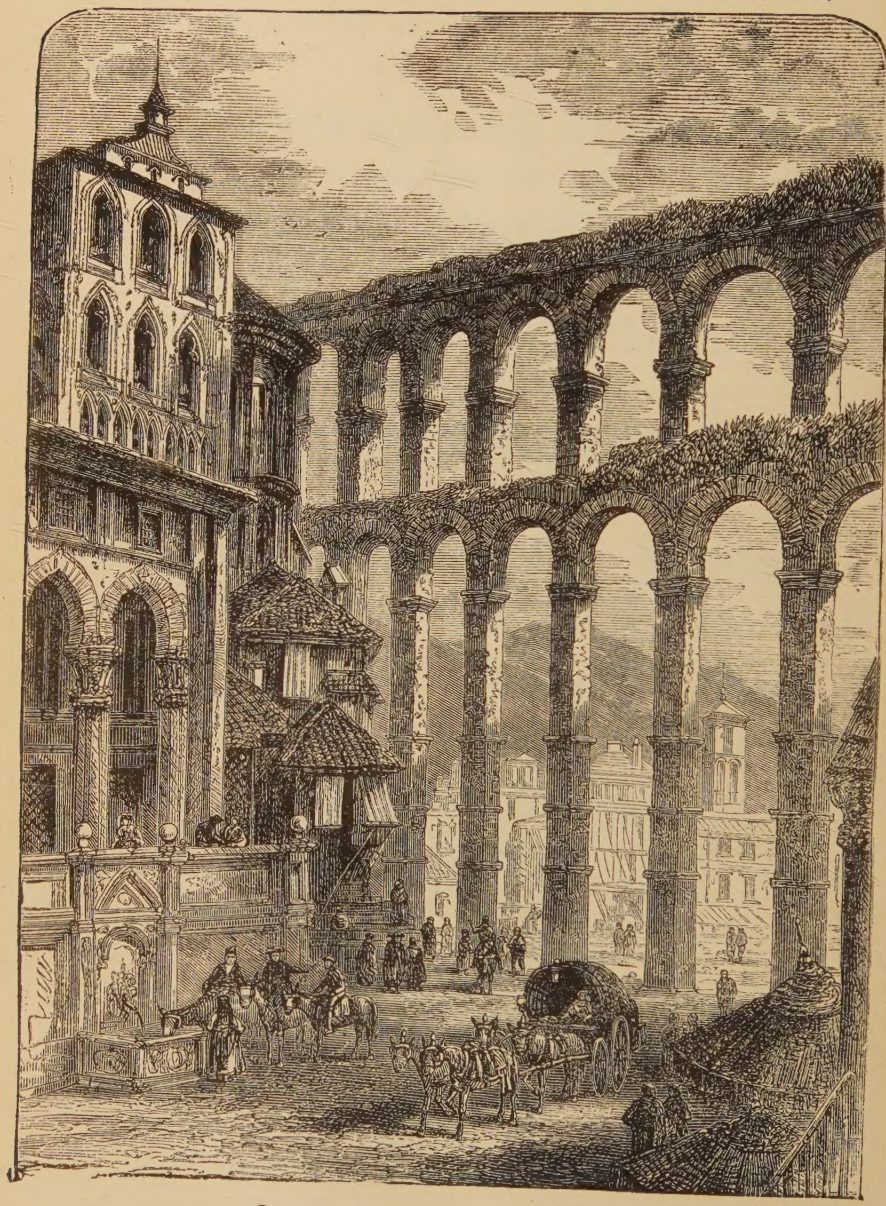
By permission, from "Hymns of the Eastern Church."


1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, once a-gain Come, Thou true e - ter- nal God;
Nor Thy pow'r de-scend in vain, Make us ev - er Thine a-bode;
So shall Spi - rit, joy, and light Dwell in us, where all was night.

2 Witness in our hearts that God
Counts us children through His Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
Smites us for our good alone;
So when tried, perplexed, distrest,
In His love we still may rest.

3 Lord, preserve us in the faith,
Suffer nought to drive us thence—
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death;
Be our God and our defence;
Though the flesh resist Thy will,
Let Thy Word be stronger still.

4 And at last when we must die,
O assure the sinking heart
Of the glorious realm on high
Where Thou healest every smart,
Of the joys unspeakable,
Where our God would have us dwell.



OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.